

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

422

FIVE ELIZABETHAN
COMEDIES

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FIVE
ELIZABETHAN
COMEDIES

EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
A K McILWRAITH

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TO
THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS
PAST AND PRESENT
OF
THE NEWLANDS SOCIETY
ORIEL COLLEGE
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE EDITOR

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INTRODUCTION

THIS volume is one of a series planned by the publishers to present selections from the English drama classified by period and by type. The plays in it have been chosen for their intrinsic merits, not for their historical importance, but the existence of the general scheme has imposed certain restrictions. No play is included which was not probably written during the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558 to 1603), and Shakespeare and Jonson are not represented because they deserve separate presentation as individuals. With due regard to these limitations the editor's aim has been to select the five best comic dramatists of the period, including that prolific Elizabethan playwright Anonymous, and from the work of each to choose the best comedy written in the period. Emphasis is laid on comic merit, so that Lyly is represented by the amusing *Campaspe* and Peele by *The Old Wives' Tale* rather than by the more poetic and pastoral loveliness of the rather better-known *Endymion* and *The Arraignment of Paris*.

Dramatic activity was continuous throughout Elizabeth's reign, but the promise of a worthy comic drama which had been held out shortly before her accession by plays like *Ralph Rouser Doster* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was not immediately fulfilled. The student finds historical interest in translations or adaptations of foreign plays like Gascoigne's *Supposes* (1566, from the Italian of Ariosto) and in native romantic plays like Richard Edwards's 'tragical comedy' of *Damon and Pythias* (1564), and indeed they are not lacking in humour and pathos, and sometimes show true feeling for characterization and dramatic struc-

which is one of its marvels. The building of the great London theatres—the Theatre and the Curtain in 1576, and four more before the end of the century—and the permanent establishment in them of the hitherto itinerant companies of actors, created a demand for more and better plays which was eagerly met by young men who had been encouraged to perform or to watch amateur theatricals in school and university (The new humanist theory and practice of education treated play-acting as useful training in deportment and elocution). About the same time the Masters of the Royal Chapels and of the Grammar School of St Paul's began to give public performances of the plays which their boys were rehearsing for presentation before the Queen, justifying the action on the grounds that their young actors gained confidence from practice in speaking before an audience, and that the charges for admission helped to defray the expenses of production.¹

Lyly's *Campaspe*, 'Played before the Queen's Majesty on New Year's day at night, by Her Majesty's Children and the Children of Paul's', has thus an additional 'Prologue at the Blackfriars', a small private theatre of which the author was for a time a lessee. Lyly had made his name with the two parts of his novel *Euphues*, published in 1578 and 1579. In this his first play he had the good sense to modify considerably for speaking on the stage the elaborate style of his novel, the Gentlemen Readers to whom the first part of the novel is addressed might take delight, as they read *Euphues*, in the dexterity and felicity, the melodiousness and learning, of its style.

Although hitherto, *Euphues*, I have shrined thee in my heart for a trusty friend, I will shun thee hereafter as a

¹ There are many good histories of the drama at this time, one of the latest and best, to which the present introduction is indebted, is *An Introduction to Tudor Drama*, by F S Boas, Oxford, 1933.

trothless foe, and although I cannot see in thee less wit than I was wont, yet do I find less honesty. I perceive at the last (although, being deceived, it be too late) that musk, although it be sweet in the smell, is sour in the smack; that the leaf of the cedar tree, though it be fair to be seen, yet the syrup depriveth sight, that friendship, though it be plighted by shaking the hand, yet is shaken off by fraud of the heart. But thou hast not much to boast of, for as thou hast won a fickle lady, so hast thou lost a faithful friend. How canst thou be secure of her constancy when thou hast had such trial of her lightness? How canst thou assure thyself that she will be faithful to thee, which hath been faithless to me?

Thus (with a great deal more to the same effect) Philautus to his friend Euphues, who had stolen his sweetheart Lucilla. The genuine beauty of this style is a thing to linger over and to savour at leisure, on the stage, even if its complex structure remained intelligible, its slowness would delay the action beyond the limits of the spectators' patience. There are some remnants of it in *Campaspe*, in the prologues and epilogues, which are outside the action and apart from it, and also within the play where it is dramatically appropriate, as in the arguments about love between Alexander and Hephaestion in Act II, scene II, or in the long soliloquy of the forlorn Apelles in Act III, scene V. But these are special cases, and for the most part the dialogue moves quickly, in terse sentences and short speeches, in the brisk interplay of repartee between the rival philosophers and their witty servants.

At first sight these philosophers and their servants seem to be only slightly connected with the romantic central theme of the play; but, apart from their inherent comic value, they serve useful and necessary ends in fashioning the imagined society in which Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe and Apelles live, and in portraying the character of the hero himself, with his unsatisfied mind aspiring to perfection in all things—in wisdom as in warfare, in conduct and in character.

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and they help to make Alexander's conduct more plausible and more worthy of applause by revealing it as part of an insistent and consistent quest for the ideal. Characters are portrayed with a directness and simplicity which places no strain on the understandings or abilities of the boy actors,¹ but the plain course of the story as a whole reveals Lyly's more complex idea of the character of a great man. What we lose in the reading, and what our imaginations should supply if we are to recapture the full beauty of the play, is the high, clear voices of the choir-boys (who must have enjoyed, as Boas suggests, the contests of wit) lending an ethereal beauty to the discussions of pure love.

In the logical structure of his plot, in the elevated wit of his dialogue, and in the homogeneity of his play as a whole, Lyly made a great advance upon his romantic predecessors, and the older plays were out-classed. An 'old wives' tale' is an old-fashioned romantic tale, a fairy story, told, as Peele's is supposed to be told, by a simple countrywoman before the hearth in the evening. 'A tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep', says Fantastic, and he and Frolic are as eager as children in suggesting the sort of story they want ('of the Giant and the King's Daughter, and I know not what'), and in interrupting with embarrassing practical questions ('Who drest his dinner then?'), and Madge, like many a later narrator of bed-time stories, has to pull herself up and supply details she had overlooked ('O Lord, I quite forgot, there was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do anything', &c.) Peele's play is often spoken of as a delicate literary satire on the incoherent medleys of excitement contained in the old romantic plays, and in a

¹ Lyly further helps them out by making each character frequently speak of himself by name in the third person instead of as 'I', the audience might not be able to tell one boy from another, but there was no excuse for them if they could not distinguish between Alexander and Hephaestion.

few places we can recognize bits of burlesque parody of earlier and contemporary literature—not only plays—as when Huanebango speaks in rumbling English imitations of the classical hexameter, and in his couplet

O, that I might,—but I may not woe to my destiny
therefore!—

Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot tell me, my destiny,
wherefore?

echoes Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri* (1580),

Fain would I crave, might I so presume, some farther
acquaintance

O, that I might! but I may not woe to my destiny
therefore!

Peele's quiet humour could turn literary absurdities of any age to his own purpose, but the tone of the induction which introduces his story is not so much satirical as affectionately apologetic, and we shall best appreciate *The Old Wives' Tale* if we succumb to its fairy-like atmosphere of enchantments and transformations, lost maidens and gallant rescuers, ghosts and marvels, of sudden changes, excitement, and wonder, bearing in mind the cosy fire-lit setting of which we are reminded from time to time by the comments of Madge and her listeners

Lyly's play and Peele's have their sweetness and their poetic fancy in common, but they have little else. The other plays in this volume give some idea of the further variety of Elizabethan comedy—though not a complete one, since Jonson's comedy of Humours is absent, and no example of Middleton's satiric comedy of intrigue can be probably assigned to our period. But with all its variety this comedy reveals, by its repetition of certain subjects and situations, some of the popular tastes of the day. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* catches up again the central idea of *Campaspe*, of the prince in love with a humble maid who gives her up to a subject whom she prefers, and returns to the calls of his higher destiny, and its

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sketches of country life are as charming as those of *The Old Wives' Tale* (and a good deal more extensive) Magic and sorcery—whether actually believed in or not—were infinitely more dreadful possibilities to the Elizabethan audience than they are to-day, and there was a fashion for 'conjuring' plays during the last ten years of the century. The outstanding example of this fashion in the tragic drama is Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, and it used to be confidently assumed that it was in rivalry with Marlowe that Greene wrote *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. Evidence recently produced¹ for dating *Doctor Faustus* rather later than has usually been done (in the early months of 1592 instead of in 1588 or 1589) makes this a little more difficult to believe, since Greene died on the 3rd September, 1592, though it is still not impossible, but whether there was really any rivalry or not, both plays attest the popularity as a dramatic figure of the learned sorcerer who has the devils of hell at his command, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* in the early years of the next century perhaps marks the wane of the vogue, as we shall see.

Greene exploits Friar Bacon's powers to the full extent of their comic or thrilling possibilities in one half of his play, with the help of the clownish servant Miles. The other, and to us the more attractive, half tells the idyllic love-story of Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield, with her two wooers, her loyalty to her chosen love, and the Prince's magnanimity—all leading to a suitable happy ending. To this part belong the delightful glimpses of country life and sports, though the oft-quoted praise of Oxford which Greene puts into the mouth of the Emperor (at the beginning of Act III, scene 1) belongs rather to the other.² The

¹ By F. S. Boas in his edition of the play in Marlowe's *Works and Life*, ed. R. H. Case, 6 vols., 1930-3.

² Oxford men have been heard to remind themselves

two halves are rather loosely connected by the part which Friar Bacon plays in each, but each story separately is well told, the love-story proceeding through doubt and apparent disaster to its triumphant end, Bacon's achievements and repute reaching their height in the contest with Vandermast and then falling to naught through the stupidity of Miles, until the whole issues serenely in one of those compliments which her poets were never tired of paying to the Virgin Queen,

so rich and fair a bud

Whose brightness shall deface proud Phoebus' flower

The Shoemakers' Holiday takes us away from fairyland and (except for a few scenes at Old Ford) from rural England to tell two love-stories set in the heart of London, the wooing and winning by Rowland Lacy¹ of the Lord Mayor's daughter Rose, and the loyalty during their long separation of Jane and her husband Ralph, with their ultimate reunion. The two stories are closely interwoven—it is easy to overlook the part Hammon plays in each—and both are legitimately connected with the 'Gentle Craft' of shoe-making in whose honour Dekker wrote, for it is thanks to the craft that Lacy is able to meet his love and that Ralph finds his lost wife. We hardly regret the missing charms of a country setting, for Dekker, a Londoner through and through, finds, within the shop of the jovial shoemaker, all the jollity and goodfellowship, the loyalty and larks, of the simple folk. Lovers or no lovers, story or none, Simon Eyre is the outstanding

that one of the charms of Oxford is 'The *mountains* full of fat and fallow deer', but then a good many Oxford men of to-day who have been to Switzerland have not walked from Horsepath to Shotover nor climbed from Hinksey to the top of Hurst Hill. Modern roads flatten gradients and modern buildings hide the country.

¹ The surname is that of Greene's hero and both belong to the family of the Earls of Lincoln, but the Christian name of Greene's Lacy was Ned.

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figure of the play Warm hearted, high spirited, he outlasts all the others in the memory, with his scolding of his wife, his jollying of his men, his astuteness and his simplicity, to the refrain of 'Prince am I none, yet am I princely born'

He finds his counterpart in Host Blague of the George, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, who serves the good Duke of Norfolk In this anonymous play (once preposterously attributed to Shakespeare) we are back in the country again, with another story of faithful love and trusty friends, and mercenary and tyrannical parents The intrigue is good, the friends and lovers delightful, and the outwitted elders properly ridiculous, but, as in the *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, the purely comic characters bulk large the Host himself, Smug, a character whose adventures are narrated more at large in a prose tale of the same name as the play, and the deer-stealing priest Sir John (a stock name for a priest) with his excellent morality of 'Grass and hay' we are all mortal, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end'

Magic, here, is at a discount The Induction, in which Peter Fabell outwits the devil who comes to claim his forfeit soul, is an obvious travesty of Marlowe's terrible scene (Act v, scene 11) in *Doctor Faustus*, where Faustus in agony awaits the same fatal hour, and there is no magic or sorcery in the play itself, unless we are to suppose that the disguising of Raymond and Fabell was magically executed (which is nowhere stated and is quite unnecessary) If we are in at the death of one fashion, we catch suggestions of the birth of a new The deer-stealing scenes here are less idyllic and more human than the country scenes of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and in that more realistic, here, as in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, the jolly servants and working men are closer to life than Greene's Miles, much more so than Lyly's servants At the end of the century a vogue of realism began with Jonson's *Every*

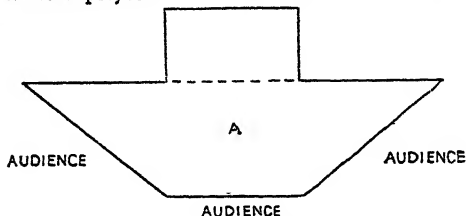
Man in his Humour of 1598, and flourished in the comedies of satire and intrigue of Middleton, Chapman, Marston, and others, and Dekker (the only one of our dramatists who lived long into the new reign) was ready to change with the times

The pristine freshness and innocence of English comedy finds its sweetest expression in the last twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, and it should be remembered that these years brought forth almost all of Shakespeare's comedies—all but *Measure for Measure* and the two late romances *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*—as well as the Falstaff of *Henry IV*. Romance and wonder were to return again, and very soon, but never with the same happy innocence of first youth. The sweet loves of Campaspe and Margaret and Rose and Millicent were shy of reappearing in the years that followed, and the homely good-fellowship of Madge and her audience, of Eyre and his men, or of Host Blague and his companions, proved hard to recover in later days

NOTE ON THE TEXTS

THE texts in this volume have been modernized in spelling and punctuation and, where it seemed absolutely necessary, emended, usually in silence. The scholar will need texts which preserve the original spelling and punctuation and record all variant readings: a note at the head of each play will refer such studious readers to the standard critical edition of each author on which (when there is one) the present text is based (though the reading of that edition is not necessarily adopted). A half-hearted compromise would irritate some, deceive others, and serve no useful purpose.

None of these five plays except *Cambaspe* was divided into acts and scenes in the early editions. The divisions made by modern editors are harmless, and have been adopted for convenience of reference. Attempts to fix the localities of scenes in 'A Street' or in 'such and such a room of So and So's house' are useless and distracting, and have not been foisted in. When the dramatists wanted the audience to know where their characters were supposed to be, they made it clear in the dialogue. The notes occasionally suggest on what part of the Elizabethan stage the actors probably stood, and the following rough diagram will explain the terms employed.



A = Outer Stage B = Inner Stage, or 'Study' (which can be shut off by curtains along the dotted line) Above the Inner Stage is a gallery, or Upper Stage

The notes are meant only to help readers to whom Elizabethan English is unfamiliar. They do not, except

where it is necessary to their true purpose, discuss difficulties of reading or interpretation which are of interest chiefly to scholars. Those which are not original nor derived (as almost all are) either from the standard edition referred to or from the *Oxford English Dictionary* are generally ascribed to the scholar responsible for them.

Much has been left to the sagacity of the reader. The use with a plural subject of a verb which appears to be in the singular should be as familiar from any respectable edition of Shakespeare as it will become in the present volume, and it is passed over in silence except where it might cause any ambiguity. Elizabethan dramatists had as much right to mystify their unlearned readers with Latin as have modern ones with French or Italian, and indeed they generally followed a Latin phrase with an English paraphrase if they really wanted the audience to know what it meant: but once-familiar classical quotations have been translated in the notes, and a version has been given of Lacy's pidgin-Dutch in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, which could be made by the actor to sound much less bewildering when spoken than some of it looks in print.

The engaging phraseology of the original stage directions has been retained. Most of them are quite normal, but a few range from the author's tentative suggestions to the producer, like '*Enter the Prioress of Cheston, with a nun or two*' to such direct imperatives to the actor as '*Sit down and knock your head*'. They preserve the flavour of the original without causing any difficulty.

CAMPASPE

BY

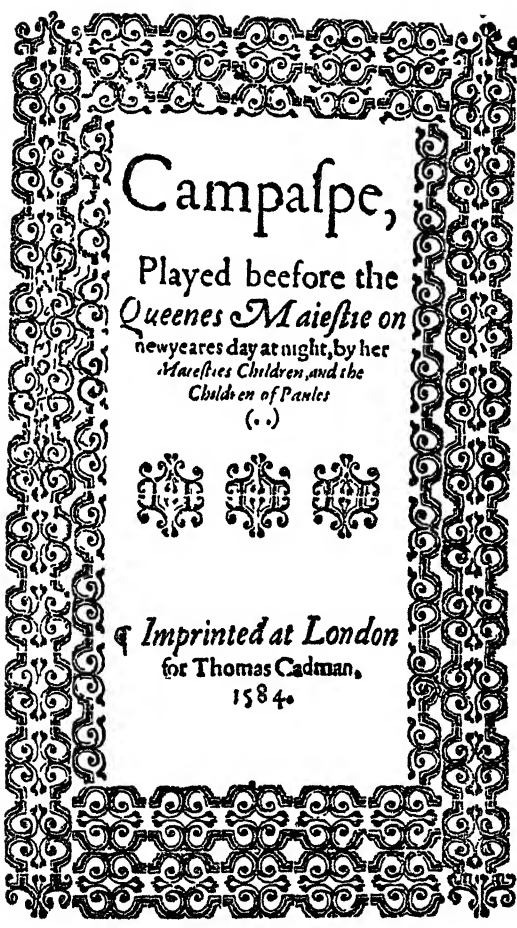
JOHN LYLÿ

JOHN LYLY (1554[?]–1606)

Campaspe

Acted probably in 1580 or 1581, printed in 1584

[*Complete Works*, ed R W Bond, 3 vols, Oxford, 1902 This supersedes all earlier editions for the text, but the biographical section of the introduction is in turn largely superseded by A Feuillerat, *John Lyly*, Cambridge, 1910 (in French)]



Campaspe,

Played beefore the
Queenes Maiestie on

newyeares day at night, by her

Maiesties Children, and the

Children of Pawles

(..)



¶ *Imprinted at London*

for Thomas Cadman,

1584.

Dramatis Personae

ALEXANDER, <i>King of Macedon</i>		APELLES, <i>a Painter</i>	
HEPHAESTION, <i>his General</i>		SOLINUS } <i>Citizens of Athens</i>	
CLITUS	} <i>Warriors</i>	SYLVIVS }	
PARMENIO		PERIM }	
MILECTUS		MILO }	<i>Sons to Sylvius</i>
PHRYGIUS		TRICO }	
MELIPPUS, <i>Chamberlain to Alexander</i>		GRANICUS, <i>Servant to Plato</i>	
PLATO	} <i>Philosophers</i>	MANES, <i>Servant to Diogenes</i>	
ARISTOTLE		PSYLLUS, <i>Apprentice to Apelles</i>	
DIOGENES		Page to Alexander	
CHRYSIPPUS		Citizens of Athens	
CRATES		CAMPASPE } <i>Theban Captives</i>	
CLEANTHES		TIMOCLEA }	
ANAXARCHUS		LAIS, <i>a Courtezan.</i>	
CRYSUS			

THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACKFRIARS

THEY that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes, and Lepidus, which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast whose head was like a dragon, and we, which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl Pallas' shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine to Egypt when Nilus flowed less than twelve cubits or more than eighteen, and it may threaten despair unto us if we be less curious than you look for, or more cumbersome but as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and travelling all the day found but a wren in a hedge, yet said 'This is a bird', so we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountain seem to bring forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say 'This is a beast'. Basil, softly touched, yieldeth a sweet scent, but, chafed in the hand, a rank savour we fear even so that our labours, slyly glanced on, will breed some content, but, examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse there went two nights to the begetting of Hercules, feathers appear not on the phoenix under seven months, and the mulberry is twelve in budding, but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth again, or like the brood of Trochilus, whose eggs, in the same moment that they are laid, become birds. But howsoever we finish our work we crave pardon if we offend in the matter and patience if we transgress in the manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot-herbs that

7 deformity]	The owl was supposed to be a ludicrous
monstrosity	10 curious] careful.
appearance	14 shower]
	18 slyly] casually

we set flowers, but we hope (as harts that cast their horns, snakes their skins, eagles their bills, become more-fresh for any other labour) so, our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But lest like the Mindyans we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude, wishing that although there be in your precise judgements an universal dislike yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence 41

THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT

WE are ashamed that our bird, which fluttered by twilight seeming a swan, should be proved a bat, set against the sun, but as Jupiter placed Silenus' ass among the stars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced upon a rough discourse to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries who think to hide the crack in a stone by setting it deep in gold. The gods supped once with poor Baucis, the Persian kings sometimes shaved sticks: our hope is, your Highness will at this time lend an ear to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homer from Hell, demanded only who was his father, and we, calling Alexander from his grave, seek only who was his love. Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa his shadows, who, in the moment they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive, or lynxes, who, having a quick sight to discern, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with these torches, which giving light to others consume themselves, and we showing delight to others shame ourselves 22

1-3] The obscurity of performance at the Blackfriars contrasted with the eminence of performance at Court

11 your Highness] Queen Elizabeth 20 torches] which lit the stage, they are referred to again in the Epilogue at Court, lines 20-1

CAMPASPE

Actus Primus Scaena Prima

Enter Clitus and Parmenio

Clit Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories courage or courtesy, in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above custom, Thebes is rased, the people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside, a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace 7

Par Clitus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is therefore, seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light, so of a sire in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular? It is for turquoise to stain each other, not for diamonds in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison 16

Clit You mistake me, Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander you imagine I call Philip into question—unless haply you conjecture (which none of judgement will conceive) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree, or coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat 22

Par Ay but Clitus I perceive you are born in the East, and never laugh but at the sun rising, which argueth, though a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might 26

Clit We will make no controversy of that which there ought to be no question, only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander 31

Par Soft, Clitus! behold the spoils and prisoners! a pleasant sight to us, because profit is joined with honour, not much painful to them, because their captivity is eased by mercy 35

Enter Timoclea, Campaspe, with other captives, and spoils, guarded

Timo Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune Sword and fire will never get spoil, where wisdom and fortitude bears sway O Thebes, thy walls were raised by the sweetness of the harp, but rased by the shrillness of the trumpet Alexander had never come so near the walls, had Epaminondas walk'd about the walls, and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he had been to watch their towers But destiny is seldom foreseen, never prevented, we are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts cannot yield by death Come, Campaspe and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom we feared not to cast our darts 50

Par Madam, you need not doubt, it is Alexander that is the conqueror

Timo Alexander hath overcome, not conquered

Par To bring all under his subjection is to conquer

Timo He cannot subdue that which is divine

Par Thebes was not 56

Timo Virtue is

Clit Alexander, as he tendreth virtue, so he will you he drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honour, he is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy In fight terrible, as becometh a captain, in conquest mild, as becometh a king In all things, than which nothing can be greater, he is Alexander 63

Camp Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable things to be a virgin,

for if he save our honours it is more than to restore our goods, and rather do I wish he preserve our fame than our lives, which if he do, we will confess, there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander 69

Enter Alexander, Hephaestion, and attendants

Alex Clitus, are these prisoners? Of whence these spoils?

Clit Like your Majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes

Alex Of what calling or reputation?

Clit I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour

Alex I will know—Madam, of whence you are, I know, but who, I cannot tell 78

Timo Alexander, I am the sister of Theagenes who fought a battle with thy father before the city of Chaerone, where he died—I say which none can gainsay—valiantly

Alex Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worsen fortune in your life than his death but fear not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessity But what are you, fair lady? Another sister to Theagenes?

Camp No sister to Theagenes, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage but to extreme fortune 90

Alex Well, ladies, (for so your virtues show you,) whatsoever your births be, you shall be honourably entreated Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall be not as subjects of war but as subjects to Alexander Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplied so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons, and my prisoners [Exeunt Parmenio and captives.

72 Like your Majesty] may it please your Majesty 81
Chaerone] Chaeronea 93 entreated] treated

Alex Hephaestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace as conquer in war, that whilst arms cease arts may flourish, and, joining letters with lances, we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it no less praise to be wise than commendable to be valiant 105

Heph Your Majesty therein sheweth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue, and needs must that commonwealth be fortunate whose captain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captain

[*Exeunt*]

Scaena Secunda

Enter Manes, Granicus, Psyllus.

Man I serve, instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board

Psyl Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend a crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets, for *Natura paucis contenta* 7

Gran Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher! But that Diogenes (that dog) should have Manes (that dogbolt), it grieveth nature and spitteth art, the one having found thee so dissolute—absolute, I would say—in body, the other so single—singular—in mind 13

Man Are you merry? It is a sign, by the trip of your tongue and the toys of your head, that you have done that to-day which I have not done these three days

Psyl What is that?

Man Dined

Gran I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer 20

Man I would it were so, but he keepeth neither hot nor cold

10 dogbolt] worthless fool 15 toys] trifles, fancies.

Gran What then, lukewarm? What made Manes run from his master the other day

Psyl Manes had reason, for his name foretold as much

Man My name? How so, sir boy?

Psyl You know that it is called *Mons, a movendo*, because it stands still

Man Good

30

Psyl And thou art named *Manes, a manendo*, because thou runnest away

Man Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire

Psyl To a prison! Because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate

Man I will prove that my body was immortal, because it was in prison

Gran As how?

Man Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal?

41

Gran Yes

Man And the body is the prison of the soul?

Gran True

Man Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison

Gran Oh, bad!

Psyl Excellent ill!

Man You may see how dull a fasting wit is! Therefore, Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granicus, Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers Give me him that reads in the morning in the school and at noon in the kitchen

53

Psyl And me

Gran Ah sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body, and a God in his study for the soul Among all his men, he commendeth one that is an excellent musician, then stand I by, and clap another on the shoulder, and say 'This is a passing good cook'.

59

33, 59 passing] excellent.

Man It is well done, Granicus, for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear, I had rather fill my guts than my brains 62

Psyl I serve Apelles, who feedeth me as Diogenes doth Manes, for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting When I would eat meat he paints a spit, and when I thirst, 'Oh,' saith he, 'is not this a fair pot?' and points to a table which contains the banquet of the Gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut

Gran What dost thou then? 70

Psyl This doth he then bring in many examples that some have lived by savours, and proveth that much easier it is to fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter, and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress' picture that they never desired to take food, being gluttled with the delight in their favours Then doth he show me counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their filthy and loathsome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of the God Bacchus and his disorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his shop To conclude, I fare hardly though I go richly, which maketh me, when I should begin to shadow a Lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid a shoulder of mutton, for *semper animus meus est in patinus* 86

Man Thou art a God to me, for could I but see a cook's shop painted I would make mine eyes fat as butter! For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw, as '*plures occidit crapula quam gladius*', '*musa ieiunantibus amica*', 'repletion killeth delicately', and an old saw of abstinence, Socrates', 'the belly is the head's grave' Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimaufrey 94

Gran But how dost thou then live?

68 table] picture 73 fat] fatten 94 gallimaufrey]
a dish of mixed chopped meats

Man With fine jests, sweet air, and the dog's alms

Gran Well, for this time I will stanch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato

Psyl For joy of Granicus, let's sing! 100

Man My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning

Gran Another commodity of emptiness!

Song

Gran O for a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some Nectar else, from Juno's dairy,
O, these draughts would make us merry

Psyl O for a wench! (I deal in faces
And in other daintier things!)
Tickled am I with her embraces— 110
Fine dancing in such Fairy Rings

Man O for a plump, fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass, but who wants money

Chorus Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer
Jove would leap down to surfeit here!

[*Exeunt*]

Scaena Tertia

Enter Melippus

Melip I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king First I came to Chrysippus, a tall, lean, old man, willing him presently to appear before Alexander he stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down, and said nothing Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and 96 dog's alms] 'such scraps as are thrown to dogs' (Bond)

that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve than cease study 'Well,' thought I, 'seeing bookish men are so blackish, and so great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations' From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to divers other, none refusing to come saving an old obscure fellow, who, sitting in a tub turned towards the sun, read Greek to a young boy Him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, 'If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me, if learn of me, let him come to me, whatsoever it be, let him come to me' 'Why,' said I, 'he is a king' He answered, 'Why, I am a philosopher' 'Why, but he is Alexander' 'Ay, but I am Diogenes' I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape to be so crabbed in his sayings, so, going my way, I said 'Thou shalt repent it if thou comest not to Alexander' 'Nay,' smiling answered he, 'Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes, virtue must be sought not offered' And so, turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub — But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming 30
[Exit

Enter Plato, Aristotle, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Crates,
and Chrysippus

Plat It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes should work supernatural effects

Arist I do not so much stand upon the apparition is seen in the moon, neither the *demonium* of Socrates, as that I cannot by natural reason give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which makes me in the depth of my studies to cry out '*O ens entium, misere mei!*'

Plat Cleanthes and you attribute so much to Nature by searching for things which are not to be

11 clerks] men of learning

found that whilst you study a cause of your own you omit the occasion itself* There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine particle that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be called God

45

Clean I am of this mind, that that first mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to Nature The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the whole firmament of the world and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man almost of mean capacity but can prove it natural?

Anax These causes shall be debated at our philosophers' feast, in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle, that there is *natura naturans* and yet not God

Crat And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus* and yet not Nature

Arist Here cometh Alexander

59

Enter Alexander, Hephaestion, Parmenio, and Clitus

Alex I see, Hephaestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us

Heph They were not philosophers if they knew not their duties

Alex But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged

Heph I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus' message

67

Alex I will go see him, Hephaestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come (to whom all the world is like to come)—Aristotle and the rest, sithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself, in my Court to have as many philosophers as I had in my Camp

soldiers My court shall be a school wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace as I did in war discipline 77

Arist We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded, for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom as they do in dignity

Alex It is so, Aristotle, but yet there is among you, yea and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander Calisthenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against his Prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his philosophy 87

Arist If ever mischief entered into the heart of Calisthenes, let Calisthenes suffer for it, but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calisthenes, Aristotle doth deny

Alex Well Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me, but in kings' causes I will not stand to scholars' arguments This meeting shall be for a commandment that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons, let your lives be answerable to your learnings lest my proceedings be contrary to my promises 98

Heph You said you would ask every one of them a question which yesternight none of us could answer

Alex I will—Plato, of all beasts which is the subtlest?

Plat That which man hitherto never knew

Alex Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?

Arist In doing a thing impossible for a man

Alex Chrysippus, which was first, the day or the night?

Chrys The day, by a day 109

Alex Indeed strange questions must have strange
93 affection] the fact that I am personally affected
(Bond) 97 answerable] appropriate

answers Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Clean Life, that suffereth so many troubles

Alex Crates, how long should a man live?

Crat Till he think it better to die than live.

Alex Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth

119

Alex Hephaestion, methinks they have answered all well, and in such questions I mean often to try them

Heph It is better to have in your court a wise man than in your ground a golden mine, therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander

Alex So would I, were I Hephaestion But come, let us go and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thralls

[*Exeunt* Alexander, Hephaestion, Parmenio, and Clitus

Plat Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar

129

Arist And you happy that he is your sovereign

Chrys I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be but a man

Arist He seeketh to draw near to the gods in knowledge, not to be a god

Enter Diogenes

Plat Let us question a little with Diogenes, why he went not with us to Alexander — Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duty, that thou went'st not with us to the king

138

Diog And you your profession, that you went to the king

134 stage direction] The original has no stage direction here, probably the curtains of the inner stage opened to reveal Diogenes The audience may have been expected to imagine that he was in his tub

135 question] discuss

Plat Thou takest as great pride to be peevish as others do glory to be virtuous

Diog And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought courtlike, as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers

Arist These austere manners set aside, it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money

Diog And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money 149

Arist Thou hast reason to condemn the court, being both in body and mind too crooked for a courtier

Diog As good be crooked and endeavour to make myself straight, from the court, as to be straight, and learn to be crooked at the court

Crat Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander

Diog And thou to be jump with Alexander

Anax Let us go, for in contemning him we shall better please him than in wondering at him 160

Arist Plato, what dost thou think of Diogenes?

Plat To be Socrates furious Let us go

[*Exeunt philosophers*]

Actus Secundus Scaena Prima

Enter on one side Diogenes with a lantern, on the other
Psyllus, Manes, Granicus

Psyl Behold, Manes, where thy master is, seeking either for bones for his dinner or pins for his sleeves
I will go salute him

Man Do so, but mum! not a word you saw Manes!

Gran Then stay thou behind, and I will go with
Psyllus

Psyl All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person!

Diog All hate to thy peevish conditions!

Gran O dog!

158 jump with] in accord with

162 furious] mad

Psyl What dost thou seek for here? 10

Diog For a man and a beast

Gran That is easy, without a light, to be found, be not all these men?

Diog Called men

Gran What beast is it thou lookest for?

Diog The beast my man, Manes

Psyl He is a beast indeed that will serve thee!

Diog So is he that begat thee!

Gran What wouldst thou do if thou shouldst find Manes? 20

Diog Give him leave to do as he hath done before

Gran What's that?

Diog To run away

Psyl Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

Diog It were a shame for Diogenes to have need of Manes and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes

Gran But put the case he were gone, wouldst thou entertain any of us two?

Diog Upon condition

Psyl What? 30

Diog That you should tell me wherefor any of you both were good

Gran Why, I am a scholar, and well seen in philosophy!

Psyl And I a prentice, and well seen in painting!

Diog Well then, Granicus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face, and thou, Psyllus, a philosopher to correct thine evil manners But who is that? Manes?

Man I care not who I were, so I were not Manes

Gran You are taken tardy! 41

Psyl Let us slip aside, Granicus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master

Diog Manes, thou knowest the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was
 27 put the case] suppose 28 any] either 31 where-
 for] for what 33, 35 well seen] experienced, expert

superfluous, now I am determined to put away my man and serve myself, *quia non egeo tui vel te*

Man Master, you know a while ago I ran away, so do I mean to do again, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum*

Diog I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man, for I was resolved long sithence to put away both my slaves, money and Manes 52

Man So was I determined to shake off both my dogs, hunger and Diogenes

Psyl O sweet consent, between a crowd and a Jew's Harp!

Gran Come, let us reconcile them!

Psyl It shall not need, for this is their use, now do they dine one upon another! [*Exit Diogenes*

Gran How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master? 61

Man No, I did but now bind myself to him!

Psyl Why, you were at mortal jars!

Man In faith, no, we brake a bitter jest one upon another

Gran Why, thou art as dogged as he!

Psyl My father knew them both little whelps

Man Well, I will hie me after my master

Gran Why? is it supper time with Diogenes?

Man Ay, with him at all times when he hath meat.

Psyl Why then every man to his home, and let us steal out again anon 72

Gran Where shall we meet?

Psyl Why, at *Alae vendibili suspensa haedera non est opus*

Man O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis* Thou blestest me [*Exeunt*

Scaena Secunda

Enter Alexander, Hephaestion, and a Page

Alex Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called —

55 consent] harmony crowd] fiddle 58 use]
custom 63 jars] quarrels

Hephaestion, how do ye like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Heph I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea

Alex Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father

Heph You know Timoclea had Theagenes to her brother

Alex 'Timoclea' still in thy mouth! Art thou not in love? 11

Heph Not I!

Alex Not with Timoclea, you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not and so, to lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry 'Timoclea!'

Heph Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms as I know myself moderate in affection. 20

Alex Is love a vice?

Heph It is no virtue

Alex Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephaestion, and sith thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs thou shalt be partaker of my torments I love, Hephaestion, I love! I love Campaspe, a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander! Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephaestion? Blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell? 31

Heph Might my words crave pardon and my counsel credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject (for so I am) and the office of a friend (for so I will)

Alex Speak, Hephaestion, for, whatsoever is spoken, Hephaestion speaketh to Alexander 37

Heph I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shameful to be heard or the cause sorrowful

to be believed What¹ is the son of Philip, King of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind whose greatness the world could not contain drawn within the compass of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules, when you should shake the spear with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that soft and yielding mind should not be in him whose hard and unconquered heart hath made so many yield! But you love, ah, grief! But whom? Campaspe, ah, shame! A maid, forsooth, unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? Whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant Ay, but she is beautiful, yea, but not therefore chaste Ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body, yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the mind Ay, but she is wise, yea, but she is a woman! Beauty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honey, which, the smoother they look, the sooner they break It is thought wonderful among the seamen that mugil, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret, of all the slowest, and shall it not seem monstrous to wise men that the heart of the greatest conqueror of the world should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature—of a woman, of a captive? Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, sepulchres fresh colours but rotten bones, women fair faces but false hearts Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not a chamber, fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus, from the

fiery assaults of war to the maidenly skirmishes of love, from displaying the eagle in thine ensign, to set down the sparrow I sigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer folly should overcome! But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaspe a hair curling by nature not art, sweet alluring eyes, a fair face made in despite of Venus and a stately port in disdain of Juno, a wit apt to conceive and quick to answer, a skin as soft as silk and as smooth as jet, a long, white hand, a fine, little foot—to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part—what of this? Though she have heavenly gifts, virtue and beauty, is she not of earthly metal, flesh and blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, show yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be overseen and overtaken in a woman, whose false tears know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly as that of love in the one physic cannot prevail, nor in the other counsel 95

Alex My case were light, Hephaestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salve that sense cannot conceive. Little do you know (and therefore slightly do you regard) the dead embers in a private person or live coals in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity as their callings do in majesty. An eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star! None can conceive the torments of a king unless he be a king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then, judge, Hephaestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not-to-be-conceived sighs cleave the heart in shivers, whose wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then,

82 port] bearing	go overseen] hoodwinked
overtaken] captivated	98 that] that which

Hephaestion, with arguments to seek to refel that which with their deity the gods cannot resist, and let this suffice to answer thee, that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander—whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortal, nor (I fear me) to be borne, being intolerable 117

Heph I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard

Alex Yield, Hephaestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain

Heph Suppose she loves not you? Affection cometh not by appointment or birth, and then as good hated as enforced 124

Alex I am a king, and will command

Heph You may—to yield to lust, by force, but to consent to love, by fear, you cannot

Alex Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Heph Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist—love! 131

Alex I am a conqueror, she a captive, I as fortunate as she fair, my greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind the modesty of hers Is it not likely then that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

Heph You say that in love there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood 137

Alex No more, Hephaestion! In this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice Thou mayst be a good soldier, but never a good lover—Call my page—Sirrha, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse

Page I go [Exit

Enter Diogenes

Alex In the mean season, to recreate my spirits,

112 refel] subdue 143 stage direction] As before (1 in 134) the original has no indication of Diogenes' entry, once more, he was probably revealed by the drawing of the curtains of the inner stage

being so near, we will go see Diogenes—And see where his tub is!—Diogenes?

Diog Who calleth?

Alex Alexander! How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub 151

Alex Why, then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog No

Alex Why so?

Diog Because they be no gods

Alex They be gods of the earth.

Diog Yea, gods of earth!

Alex Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog I am glad of it

Alex Why? 160

Diog Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes

Alex If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it

Diog Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world

Alex What dost thou want?

Diog Nothing that you have

Alex I have the world at command

Diog And I in contempt 170

Alex Thou shalt live no longer than I will

Diog But I will die whether you will or no

Alex How should one learn to be content?

Diog Unlearn to covet

Alex Hephæstion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes

Heph He is dogged, but discreet, I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too, too wayward

Alex Diogenes, when I come this way again I will both see thee and confer with thee 181

165 that] that which

Diog Do

Enter Apelles

Alex But here cometh Apelles —How now, Apelles,
 18 Venus' face yet finished?

Apel Not yet, beauty is not so soon shadowed,
 whose perfection cometh not within the compass
 either of cunning or of colour

Alex Well, let it rest unperfect, and come you with
 me, where I will show you that finished by nature that
 you have been trifling about by art [*Exeunt*

Actus Tertius Scaena Prima

Enter Apelles, Campaspe, and Psyllus

Apel Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour
 so fresh that may shadow a countenance so fair

Camp Sir, I had thought you had been commanded
 to paint with your hand not to gloss with your tongue!
 But, as I have heard, it is the hardest thing, in paint-
 ing, to set down a hard favour, which maketh you to
 despair of my face And then shall you have as great
 thanks to spare your labour as to discredit your art

Apel Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor
 your sex! For, knowing your own perfection, you
 seem to dispraise that which men most commend,
 drawing them by that mean into an admiration,
 where feeding themselves they fall into an ecstasy!
 Your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the
 other your affections 15

Camp I am too young to understand your speech,
 though old enough to withstand your device You
 have been so long used to colours, you can do nothing
 but colour

Apel [*aside*] Indeed, the colours I see, I fear, will
 alter the colour I have!—But come, madam, will you

185 shadowed] painted	6 hard favour] ugly face
15 affections] disposition	19 colour] a pun (1) paint,
(2) pretend	

draw near? For Alexander will be here anon—
 Psyllus, stay you here at the window, if any inquire for
 me, answer '*Non lubet esse domi*' [Exeunt

Scaena Secunda

Psyllus remains behind

Psyl It is always my master's fashion when any
 fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me
 stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter—like a
 bull, like a swan, like an eagle—then must Psyllus
 with one hand grind colours and with the other hold
 the candle. But let him alone, the better he shadows
 her face the more will he burn his own heart!—And
 now if a man could meet with Manes, who I dare say
 looks as lean as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose—

Enter Manes

Man And here comes Manes, who hath as much
 meat in his maw as thou hast honesty in thy head

Psyl Then I hope thou art very hungry. 12

Man They that know thee, know that!

Psyl But dost thou not remember that we have
 certain liquor to confer withal?

Man Ay, but I have business, I must go cry a thing

Psyl Why, what hast thou lost?

Man That which I never had my dinner

Psyl Foul lubber! wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

Man I mean, I must cry. Not as one would say cry,
 but cry—that is, make a noise 21

Psyl Why, fool! that is all one for if thou cry thou
 must needs make a noise.

Man Boy, thou art deceived. 'Cry' hath divers
 significations, and may be alluded to many things,
 'knave' but one, and can be applied but to thee

[Scaena Secunda] Apelles and Campaspe have with-
 drawn to the inner stage leaving Psyllus on the outer
 stage 6 shadows] paints 15 confer] discuss together
 25 alluded to] used in reference to

Psyl Profound, Manes!

Man We cynics are mad fellows! Didst thou not find I did quip thee?

Psyl No, verily! why, what is a quip? 30

Man We great guiders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word

Psyl How canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all, on the sudden?

Man Wit will have his swing! I am bewitch'd, inspir'd, inflamed, infected!

Psyl Well, then will I not tempt thy gibing spirit

Man Do not, Psyllus, for thy dull head will be but a grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with overthwarts, *perusti! actum est de te!* I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob! 41

Psyl Let me cross myself, for I die if I cross thee

Man Let me do my business, I myself am afraid lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests I am sometimes in such a vein that for want of some dull-pate to work on I begin to gird myself!

Psyl The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax!

Man Well, then, let us to the matter, in faith, my master meaneth, to-morrow, to fly 51

Psyl It is a jest!

Man Is it a jest to fly? Shouldst thou fly so, soon thou shouldst repent it in earnest

Psyl Well, I will be the crier

Man and Psyl [one after another] Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see Diogenes the Cynic fly! 60

Psyl I do not think he will fly

31 girders] jokers 40 overthwarts] retorts 41 bob] taunt
60-1] When Psyllus's turn comes to say 'fly' he hesitates

Man Tush! Say 'fly'

Psyl Fly

Man Now let us go, for I will not see him again till midnight—I have a back way into his tub!

Psyl Which way callest thou the 'back way', when every way is open?

Man I mean, to come in at his back

Psyl Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily [Exeunt

Scaena Tertia

Enter Apelles and Campaspe

Apel I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine

Camp Why then paint me without eyes, for I am blind

Apel Were you ever shadowed before of any?

Camp No, and would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceived of any!

Apel It were pity but that so absolute a face should furnish Venus' temple, amongst these pictures

Camp What are these pictures? 10

Apel This is Leda, whom Jove deceived in likeness of a swan

Camp A fair woman, but a foul deceit!

Apel This is Alcmena, unto whom Jove came in shape of Amphytrion, her husband, and begat Hercules

Camp A famous son but an infamous fact!

Apel He might do it, because he was a god

Camp Nay, therefore it was evil done, because he was a god! 20

Apel This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizzled a golden shower, and obtained his desire

Camp What gold can make one yield to desire?

Scaena Tertia] Inner stage 8 absolute] perfect.
17 fact] deed.

Apel This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravished, this, Antiope

Camp Were all the gods like this Jupiter?

Apel There were many gods in this like Jupiter!

Camp I think, in those days, love was well ratified among men on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven! 30

Apel Nay, you may imagine there were women passing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous!

Camp Were women never so fair, men would be false

Apel Were women never so false, men would be fond

Camp What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

Apel This is Venus, the goddess of love

Camp What! Be there also loving goddesses? 40

Apel This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart

Camp How is she hired? By prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes

Camp What prayer?

Apel Vows irrevocable

Camp What sacrifice?

Apel Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling

Camp What bribes? 50

Apel Roses and kisses But were you never in love?

Camp No, nor love in me!

Apel Then have you injured many!

Camp How so?

Apel Because you have been loved of many

Camp Flattered, perchance, of some!

Apel It is not possible that a face so fair and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love 59

Camp If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning,

28 ratified] esteemed

37 fond] foolish

I pray dip your pencil in colours, and fall to that you must do, not that you would do [Exeunt

Scaena Quarta

Enter Clitus and Parmenio

Clit Parmenio, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass that in Alexander, nowadays, there groweth an unpatient kind of life in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn, at all times either more sour or severe than he was accustomed

Parm In kings' causes I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive They have long eais and stretched arms, in whose heads suspicion is a proof, and to be accused is to be condemned 10

Clit Yet between us there can be no danger to find out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet, it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour, that he should be in love is not impossible 16

Parm In love, Clitus! No, no, it is as far from his thought as treason in ours! He, whose ever waking eye, whose never tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unsatiable of victory, hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of love Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one, that gapeth for all, galleth Alexander—But here he cometh 25

Enter Alexander and Hephaestion

Alex Parmenio and Clitus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an embassy no less profitable to me than to yourselves honourable

Clit We are ready at all commands, wishing nothing else but continually to be commanded 30

Alex Well then, withdraw yourselves till I have further considered of this matter

[*Exeunt Clitus and Parmenio*]

Alex Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning

Heph You love, and therefore think anything!

Alex But not so far in love with Campaspe as with Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or of conquest!

Heph Occasion cannot want if will do not Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power, the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do, the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augurs and gaping over the smoke of their beasts' entrails! All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you have sworn to conquer with that hand

Alex I confess the labours fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary, among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles Give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe, and doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him as cowardice

Enter Diogenes and Crysus

Alex But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub!

Crys One penny, Diogenes! I am a cynic

Diog He made thee a beggar, that first gave thee anything!

Crys Why, if thou wilt give nothing, nobody will give thee!

Diog I want nothing, till the springs dry and the earth perish

Crys I gather for the gods

38 Bucephalus] Alexander's horse
give to thee.

60 give thee]

Diog And I care not for those gods which want money

Crys Thou art a right cynic, that will give nothing!

Diog Thou art not, that will beg anything!

Crys Alexander, King Alexander, give a poor cynic a groat!

Alex It is not for a king to give a groat 70

Crys Then give me a talent

Alex It is not for a beggar to ask a talent Away!—
Apelles?

Apelles and Campaspe discovered in the studio

Apel Here!

Alex Now, Gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

Camp Yes, my Lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit 79

Alex Would he could colour the life with the feature! And methinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their savours

Apel Your majesty must know it is no less hard to paint savours than virtues, colours can neither speak nor think

Alex Where do you first begin when you draw any picture? 90

Apel The proposition of the face in just compass, as I can

Alex I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest

66 right] complete 73] The stage direction is not in
the Quarto 76 put to his trump] make him play
his trump card, i.e. push him to his last resource (Kelue,
78-9 shadow counterfeit] paint picture 91 propo-
sition] shape just compass] accurate proportions

Apel If you will paint as you are a king, your majesty may begin where you please, but as you would be a painter you must begin with the face

Alex Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces

Apel I marvel in half an hour he did not four!

Alex Why? Is it so easy? 100

Apel No, but he doth it so homely!

Alex When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel Never *finish*! for always, in absolute beauty, there is somewhat above art

Alex Why should not I, by labour, be as cunning as Apelles?

Apel God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex Methinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance, and so it was, in the time of Phidias 111

Apel Then had men fewer fancies and women not so many favours. For now, if the hair of her eyebrows be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow, the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else must the picture seem like the blason of ancient armory, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness. For, as in garden knots diversity of odours make a more sweet savour, or as in music divers strings cause a more delicate consent, so, in painting, the more colours the better counterfeit, observing black for a ground and the rest for grace

Alex Lend me thy pencil, Apelles, I will paint, and thou shalt judge 124

Apel Here

Alex The coal breaks

Apel You lean too hard

111 Phidias] the celebrated Attic painter, about 500-431
 B C 115 habit] dress 116-17 blason of ancient
 armory] description of an old (and therefore crude) coat
 of arms 118 knots] flower-beds 120 consent]
 harmony 126 coal] charcoal (of the painter's pencil)

Alex Now it blacks not

Apel You lean too soft

Alex This is awry 130

Apel Your eye goeth not with your hand

Alex Now it is worse!

Apel Your hand goeth not with your mind

Alex Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind, must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle than blotting of a board! But how have I done here?

Apel Like a king! 138

Alex I think so, but nothing more unlike a painter! Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish, dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me

Apel I will

[*Alexander and Hephaestion come from the studio*]

Alex Now, Hephaestion, doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly, liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour 146

Heph I will not contrary your majesty, for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed

[*Campaspe comes from the studio*]

Alex How stately she passeth by! Yet how soberly! A sweet consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdain, desire mingled with coyness, and—I cannot tell how to term it—a curs'd yielding modesty! 153

Heph Let her pass!

Alex So she shall, for the fairest on earth!

[*Exeunt*]

Scaena*Quinta

Enter Psyllus and Manes

Psyl I shall be hanged for tarrying so long

139 more unlike] *sc* could be more unlike 142,
151, Scaena Quinta] The stage directions are not in the
Quarto The 'studio' is the inner stage

Man I pray God my master be not flown before
I come

Psyl Away, Manes! My master doth come

[Exit Manes Apelles comes from the studio]

Apel Where have you been all this while?

Psyl Nowhere but here

Apel Who was here since my coming?

Psyl Nobody

Apel Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been
loitering! Was Alexander nobody? 10

Psyl He was a King, I meant no mean body

Apel I will cudgel your body for it, and then I will
say it was 'no body' because it was no honest body!
Away, in! *[Exit Psyllus]*

Apel Unfortunate Apelles! And therefore unfortunate, because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beauty brought to pass that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by how much the more thou hast showed thy cunning! Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee but, with Satyrus, thou must kiss the fire and burn thee? O, Campaspe, Campaspe! Art must yield to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection! Could Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into flesh, and cannot Apelles obtain by plants to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so far inferior to carving? Or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chisels than shadowed with colours? What Pygmalion or what Pyrgoteles or what Lysippus is he that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy fame so far, as I?—Unless, Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable! But, alas, she is the paramour to a prince! Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection! For what is it that kings cannot obtain, by prayers, threats, and promises? Will not she think it better to

sit under a cloth of estate like a queen than in a poor shop like a housewife, and esteem it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou mayest swim against the stream with the crab, and feed against the wind with the deer, and peck against the steel with the cockatrice! Stars are to be looked at not reached at, princes to be yielded unto not contended with, Campaspe to be honoured not obtained, to be painted not possessed of thee O fair face! O unhappy hand, and why didst thou draw it so fair a face! O beautiful countenance, the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher, the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter, dreaming of asleep, could not conceive again waking! Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee! Now must I paint things impossible for mine art but agreeable with my affections deep and hollow sighs, sad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of conceits! A life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancy, an unsettled resolution, and what not, Apelles! And what but, Apelles? But as they that are shaken with a fever are to be warmed with clothes not groans, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to be recured by cullises not conceits, so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel not cries, by applying of remedies not by replying of reasons, and, sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreme, I will hazard that little life that is left to restore the greater part that is lost And this shall be my first practice (for wit must work where authority is not) As soon as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture I will, by device, give it a blemish, that by that

39 cloth of estate]	canopy of state	60 what but]
what else	63 recured]	cured
strengthening fare for invalids	cullises]	strong broths,
70 practice]	scheme	conceits]
	72 device]	witticisms
		deliberate trick

means she may come again to my shop, and then as good it were to utter my love and die with denial, as conceal it and live in despair 75

Song by Apelles

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses Cupid pay'd
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows,
 Loses them too then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin
 All these did my Campaspe win
 At last he set her both his eyes
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee? 88
 What shall, alas, become of me! [Exit

Actus Quartus Scaena Prima

Enter Solinus, Psyllus, Granicus

Solz This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly

Psyl I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, though my master cudgel my no-body as he threatened

Gran What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings to-day?

Psyl We shall hear, for here cometh Manes

Enter Manes

Psyl Manes, will it be?

Man Be? He were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all! 11

Gran How is he furnished to fly? Hath he feathers?

74 denial] rejection 86 set] bet

Man Thou art an ass! Capons, geese, and owls have feathers He hath found Daedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders O, you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise!

Sol Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad!
His body must needs be too heavy 19

Man Why, he hath eaten nothing this sevennight but cork and feathers!

Psyl Touch him, Manes!

Man He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight!

Citizens enter

Man See, they begin to flock And behold, my master bustles himself to fly 26

Enter Diogenes

Diog Ye wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groan and whose breaths infect the air with stench! Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink! Ye call me dog so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins Ye term me an hater of men no, I am a hater of your manners Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day and surfeit in the night? Back gods in the morning, with pride, in the evening, belly gods with gluttony! You flatter kings, and call them gods speak truth of yourselves, and confess you are devils! From the bee you have not taken the honey but the wax to make your reli-

15 piecing] patching 16-17 O, tortoise] alluding to Bidpai's fable of one carried through the air hanging on a stick which birds supported (Bond) Or does Manes confuse the tortoise with the turtle (*sc* turtle-dove)? 22 Touch him] Ridicule him (*sc* Diogenes) 36-7 Back gods belly gods] worshipping fine clothes by day and rich food by night

gion, framing it to the time not to the truth! Your filthy lust you colour under a courtly colour of love, injuries abroad under the title of policies at home, and secret malice creepeth under the name of public justice! You have caused Alexander to dry up springs and plant vines, to sow rocket and weed endive, to shear sheep and shrine foxes. All conscience is sealed at Athens. Swearing cometh of a hot metal, lying of a quick wit, flattery of a flowing tongue, undecent talk of a merry disposition. All things are lawful at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever, and surfeit as though you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king's schoolmaster! O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to dry hay! When you sleep, you are not sure to wake, and when you rise, not certain to lie down, look you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disordered lives, and if you will not amend your manners I will study to fly further from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

63

Sol Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a brothel-house! Was it not a shame!

Diog It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

Gran It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

70

Man You were as good eat my master!

One of the people Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

Diog I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly!

People Dog! Dog! Take a bone!

42 colour] disguise 46 rocket endive] 'the seedes of the Rockatte . breede incontinenzie' (Lyly, *Euphues*)
Endive is used in wholesome salads 47 sealed] blinded

Diog Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father!

People We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behind his back

Diog And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face! 81

People We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee

Diog Indeed I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians

Man Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog No, Manes, not without wings

Man Everybody will account you a liar

Diog No, I warrant you, for I will always say the Athenians are mischievous 90

Psyl I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home

Gran Nor I

Psyl Come, let us go, and hereafter when I mean to rail upon anybody openly it shall be given out I will fly [Exeunt

Scaena Secunda.

Campaspe alone

Camp Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or the chance unfortunate! Dost thou prefer—but stay! utter not that in words which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts! Tush! Better thy tongue wag than thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind than a prince, Apelles than Alexander? Fond wench, the baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth. But, alas, affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloof in the air build their nests

92 huddles] decrepit old men hit home] scored off.
7 fond] foolish 12 aloof] aloft

below in the earth, and women that cast their eyes upon kings may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not blown up till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care, as long as it continueth without pride.—But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection

21

Enter Apelles

Apel Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted

Camp It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still

Apel No, Madam! To paint Venus was a pleasure, but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe it is a heaven!

29

Camp If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are, but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful, whom you know black!

Apel What might men do to be believed?

Camp Whet their tongues on their hearts

Apel So they do, and speak as they think

Camp I would they did!

Apel I would they did not!

Camp Why? Would you have them dissemble?

40

Apel Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question, without offence?

Camp So that you will answer me another, without excuse

Apel Whom do you love best in the world?

Camp He that made me last in the world

18 blown up] uprooted by the wind 34 black] ugly
43 So that] on condition that.

Apel That was a god

Camp I had thought it had been a man But whom do you honour most, Apelles?

Apel The thing that is likest you, Campaspe 50

Camp My picture?

Apel I dare not venture upon your person But come, let us go in, for Alexander will think it long till we return

Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Clitus, Parmenio

Clit We hear nothing of our embassy, a colour, belike, to blear our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame our hearts But what doth Alexander in the mean season but use for 'Tantara', 'sol fa la', for his hard couch, down beds, for his handful of water, his standing cup of wine? 6

Par Clitus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing peace, for what else do we see now than a kind of softness in every man's mind bees to make their hives in soldiers' helmets, our steeds furnished with footcloths of gold instead of saddles of steel, more time to be required to scour the rust off our weapons than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies! Sithence Alexander fell from his hard armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court! Youths that were wont to carry devices of victory in their shields engrave now posies of love in their rings, they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a lance now in easy coaches ride up and down to court ladies, instead of sword and target to hazard their lives use pen and paper to paint their loves yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in the court that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a

1 colour] pretence	4 Tantara] martial music	sol
fa la] amorous music	10 footcloths] decorative trappings	
unsuited for war	16 devices] emblems	20 target]
shield		

horn to hunt than the sound of a trumpet to fight! O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps instead of plumes in graven helmets, thou wouldst either die among them for sorrow or confound them for anger! 29

Clit Cease, Parmenio, lest in speaking what becometh thee not thou feel what liketh thee not! Truth is never without a scratch'd face, whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up

Par It grieveth me not a little for Hephaestion, who thirsteth for honour not ease, but such is his fortune and nearness in friendship to Alexander that he must lay a pillow under his head when he would put a target in his hand But let us draw in to see how well it becomes them to tread the measures in a dance that were wont to settle the order for a march

[*Exeunt*]

Scaena Quarta

Apelles, Campaspe, *discovered*

Apel I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end

Camp You told me, Apelles, you would never end

Apel Never end my love, for it shall be eternal

Camp That is, neither to have beginning nor ending

Apel You are disposed to mistake! I hope you do not mistrust

Camp What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel I will say it is no treason to love

Camp But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person? 11

31 liketh] pleaseth Sc iv, v] The scene opens on the inner stage (representing Apelles' studio) At l 22 Campaspe comes on to the outer stage to soliloquize, and at the end of the scene goes off At the beginning of the next scene Apelles comes from the inner to the outer stage, and there meets the page

Apel Then will I gaze continually on thy picture

Camp That will not feed thy heart

Apel Yet shall it fill mine eye! Besides, the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which, by strong imagination, I will make a substance

Camp Well, I must be gone, but this assure yourself, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours than in Alexander's court following higher fortunes! 22

Campaspe, alone

Camp Foolish wench, what hast thou done? That, alas, which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone! But content is such a life, I care not for abundance O, Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves and straightways turn the trees up by the roots, or fire, which warmeth afar off and burneth near at hand, or the sea, which maketh men hoise their sails in a flattering calm and to cut their masts in a rough storm They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment If they frown, who dares call them unconstant? If bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? If fall to other loves, who trembles not if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love but to queens, for as near must they meet in majesty as they do in affection It is requisite to stand aloof from kings' love, Jove, and lightning [Exit

Scaena Quinta

Apelles comes forward

Apel Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together! Campaspe is no less wise than fair thyself must be no less

32 hoise] hoist

cunning than faithful It is no small matter to be rival
with Alexander

Enter a Page

Page Apelles, you must come away quickly with
the picture, the king thinketh that now you have
painted it, you play with it

Apel If I would play with pictures I have enough
at home

Page None, perhaps, you like so well! 10

Apel It may be I have painted none so well.

Page I have known many fairer faces

Apel And I many better boys [Exeunt

Actus Quintus Scaena Prima

Enter Diogenes, Silvius, Perim, Milo, Trico,
Manes

Silv I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be
taught of thee

Diog What can thy sons do?

Silv You shall see their qualities, dance, sirrah!

Then Perim danceth

Silv How like you this? Doth he well?

Diog The better the worser

Silv The music very good!

Diog The musicians very bad, who only study to
have their strings in tune, never framing their manners
to order 10

Silv Now shall you see the other, tumble, sirrah!

Milo tumbleth

Silv How like you this? Why do you laugh?

Diog To see a wag, that was born to break his neck
by destiny, to practise it by art

Milo This dog will bite me! I will not be with him

Diog Fear not, boy, dogs eat no thistles

Perim I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog When I am hungry, a mastiff, and when my
belly is full, a spaniel

Silv Dost thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged? ²¹

Diog I must needs believe there are gods, for I think thee an enemy to them

Silv Why so?

Diog Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule his legs and not to follow learning, the other to bend his body every way and his mind no way

Perim Thou dost nothing but snarl and bark like a dog

Diog It is the next way to drive away a thief ³⁰

Silv Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a nightingale

Diog I care not, for I have heard a nightingale sing herself

Silv Sing, surrah!

Trico singeth

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?

Oh, 'tis the ravish'd Nightingale

Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,

And still her woes at midnight rise

Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear? ⁴⁰

None but the lark, so shrill and clear

Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings!

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat

Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!

Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing

'Cuckoo', to welcome in the spring!

Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring

Silv Lo, Diogenes, I am sure thou canst not do so much! ⁵⁰

²¹ dogged] cantankerous, cf line 29 ³⁰ next] quickest
⁴⁰ prick-song] written (and hence regularly and artistically composed) music, with a punning allusion to the legend that the nightingale pricks her breast against a thorn to inspire her lamenting song

Diog But there is never a thrush but can

Silv What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

Diog To be as unlike as may be thy sons

Man He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run
away

Silv How sayest thou, Perim, wilt thou be with
him?

Perim Ay, so he will teach me first to run away

Diog Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so
nimble 60

Silv How sayest thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?

Diog Nay, hold your peace! He shall not

Silv Why?

Diog There is not room enough for him and me
both to tumble in one tub

Silv Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not
thy manners 67

Diog I thought no less, when they knew my virtues

Silv Farewell, Diogenes, thou neededst not have
scraped roots if thou wouldst have followed Alexander

Diog Nor thou have followed Alexander if thou
hadst scraped roots [Exeunt

Scaena Secunda

Enter Apelles

Apel I fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have
blabbed that which thy tongue durst not What little
regard hadst thou! Whilst Alexander viewed the
counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her
countenance! If he espy, or but suspect, thou must
needs twice perish, with his hate and thine own love
Thy pale looks when he blushed, thy sad countenance
when he smiled, thy sighs when he questioned, may
breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy O love,
I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast

58 so] on the condition that 66 brook] bear 2-3
What little regard hadst thou! How careless you were!

thou made me that I know not what myself am! Only this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions for unknown pleasures! Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yield to it! For better it is to melt with desire than wrestle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful bed, be content to live unknown and die unfound. O Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart! Painted² nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted, and that in such deep characters that nothing can raise it out unless it rub my heart out [Exit

Scaena Tertia

*Enter Miletus, Phrygius, Lais, to Diogenes
in his tub*

Mil It shall go hard but this peace shall bring us some pleasure

Phryg Down with arms and up with legs! This is a world for the nonce

Lais Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maims in straight legs, as though men being born goodly by nature would of purpose become deformed by folly? And all for a new-found term called 'valiant', a word which breedeth more quarrels than sense can commendation! 13

Mil It is true, Lais, a feather bed hath no fellow, good drink makes good blood, and shall pelting words spill it?

Phryg I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wire-drawer's, not to curtail it off at the cutler's 19

Lais You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds with great words, but stay at home, where

15-16 careful] full of care 3 arms] of war legs]
in a dance 15 pelting] petty

instead of alarums you shall have dances, for hot battles with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These pewter coats can never sit so well as satin doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace unless you despise the rudeness of war.

Mil It is so — But see Diogenes prying over his tub! — Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel?

Diog I say I would spit it out of my mouth because it should not poison my stomach. 31

Phryg Thou speakest as thou art! It is no meat for dogs.

Diog I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from carrion.

Lais Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling! The time was thou wouldst have had my company, had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear. 39

Diog I remember there was a thing that I repented me of, and now thou hast told it, indeed, it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody!

Lais Down, villain, or I will have thy head broken!

Mil Will you couch?

Phryg Avaunt, cur! Come, sweet Lais, let us go to some place and possess peace — But first let us sing, there is more pleasure in tuning of a voice than in a volley of shot. 48

Song

Mil Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us here. [Exeunt]

24 pewter coats] armour 28 prying] peering Apparently the Tub is on the stage with Diogenes inside looking out over the top. Cf line 43. 29 such a morsel] 'Lais' was traditionally a name of a prostitute 30 because] so that 36-7 answerable] suitable 42 of] at the price of 44 couch] lie down 49 Song] This song is not preserved

Scaena Quarta

Enter Alexander, Hephaestion, and a Page

Alex Metninketh, Hephaestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed, but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace nor my pleasure. Bo of good cheer! Though I wink, I sleep not.

Heph Melancholy I am not, nor well content, for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labours.

Alex Ycs, ycs, if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them! But what think you of Apelles? Did ye ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question, nor looked steadfastly upon anything. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Heph It may be, for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan, especially painters, who, playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it,—and then, poor souls, they kiss the colours with their lips with which before they were loth to taint their fingers!

Alex I will find it out!—Page, go speedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and, when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out ‘Apelles’ shop is on fire!’

Page It shall be done.

Alex Forget not your lesson.

[Exit Page]

Heph I marvel what your device shall be.

3 brook] bear 5 wink] doze 15 hold] bet
20 conceits] imaginations, fancies 32 device] design

Alex The event shall prove

Heph I pity the poor painter, if he be in love

Alex Pity him not, I pray thee! That severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

Heph As the Macedonians do of their herb *beet*, which, looking yellow in the ground and black in the hand, think it better seen than touch'd

Alex But what do you imagine it to be? 40

Heph A word by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humour, by self-will made a flattering madness

Alex You are too hard-hearted, to think so of love
Let us go to Diogenes

Diogenes is discovered

Alex Diogenes, thou mayest think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon

Diog If you come to learn you could not come soon enough, if to laugh, you be come too soon

Heph It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please 51

Diog And you better to be less, if you durst displease

Alex What dost thou think of the time we have here?

Diog That we have little and lose much

Alex If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

Diog Be sure that he make not his physician his heir 60

Alex If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog As much as you, in the end, must be contented withal

Alex What, a world?

Diog No, the length of my body

46 somewhat] something (*sc* something noteworthy).

Alex Hephaestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Heph You may, but he will be very perverse with you 70

Alex It skilleth not, I cannot be angry with him —
Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

Diog A little worser than I can of hate

Alex And why?

Diog Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate

Alex Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diog Next men and bees 80

Alex What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog One thing

Alex What?

Diog That she is a woman

Alex In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women — But now cometh Apelles, who, I am sure, is as far from thy thought as thou art from his cunning Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher 90

Diog And when you have done so I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier

Enter Apelles

Alex But here cometh Apelles — Apelles, what piece of work have you in hand?

Apel None in hand, if it like your majesty, but I am devising a platform in my head

Alex I think your hand put it in your head! Is it nothing about Venus?

67 be a little pleasant] humour a little	71 skilleth
not] does not matter	96 like] please
form] ground-plan, picture-scheme (Bond)	97 plat-

Apel No, but something about Venus!

100

Enter the Page

Page Apelles! Apelles! Look about you! Your shop is on fire!

Apel Ay me! If the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone!

Alex Stay, Apelles, no haste! It is your heart is on fire, not your shop, and if Campaspe hang there I would she were burnt! But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost, so she be safe

109

Apel Not love her, but your Majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself that the shadow as much delighteth me being an artificer as the substance doth others that are amorous

Alex You lay your colours grossly, though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love!—Call hither Campaspe—Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection, though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite But Apelles, forsooth, loveth underhand, yea, and under Alexander's nose! And—but I say no more

123

Apel Apelles loveth not so, but he liveth to do as Alexander will

Enter Campaspe

Alex Campaspe, here is news! Apelles is in love with you

Camp It pleaseth your Majesty to say so

Alex [*aside*] Hephaestion, I will try her, too—Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another How say you, Campaspe? Would you say 'Ay'?

133

120 countenance] approval

Camp Your handmaid must obey, if you command —

Alex Think you not, Hephaestion, that she would fain be commanded?

Heph I am no thought-catcher but I guess unhappily —

Alex I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love

141

Camp But your Majesty may move a question, where you be willing to have a match —

Alex Believe, me, Hephaestion, these parties are agreed they would have me both priest and witness! — Apelles, take Campaspe! Why move ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles! Will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles?

150

Camp Pardon, my Lord, I love Apelles

Alex Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary Do you love Campaspe?

Apel Only Campaspe!

Alex Two loving worms, Hephaestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries Love falleth like dew as well upon the low grass as upon the high cedar, sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen Well, enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters, using fancy as a fool to make him sport or a minstrel to make him merry It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart, no, no, it is children's game, a life for seamsters and scholars the

138-9 unhappily] Apparently Hephaestion still believes Alexander to be in love with Campaspe and considers Apelles as an unwelcome rival 156 worms] a not uncommon term of affectionate contempt 163 toy] trifle

one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on, the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at —Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe, Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wonderest at 172

Apel Thanks to your Majesty, on bended knee, you have honoured Apelles

Camp Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed Campaspe [Exeunt Apelles and Campaspe]

Alex Page, go warn Clitus and Parmenio and the other Lords to be in readiness, let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia —How now, Hephaestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list? 181

Heph The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts

Alex It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart than I could with mine eye And, good Hephaestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue or, of my word, I will fall in love [Exeunt]

THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACK-FRIARS

WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree no caterpillars will hang on the leaves, where the glow-worm creepeth in the night no adder will go in the day we hope in the ears where our travails be lodged no carping shall harbour in those tongues Our exercises must be as your judgement is, resembling water, which is always of the same colour into what it runneth 7

168 pricking in clouts] sewing clothes
as that into which

7 into what]

In the Trojan horse lay couched soldiers with children, and in heaps of many words, we fear, divers unfit among some allowable, but as Demosthenes with often breathing up the hill amended his stammering, so we hope with sundry labours against the hair to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind and not in the root, and if our pastimes be misliked, that have been allowed, you must impute it to the malice of others and not our endeavour. And so we rest in good case if you rest well content

18

THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT

WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes' birds or his horses, the one received some men with sweet notes, the other bit all men with sharp teeth. But, as Homer's gods conveyed them into clouds whom they would have kept from curses, and as Venus, lest Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders, covered his face with the wings of swans, so we hope, being shielded with your Highness' countenance, we shall, though hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking, of those jades, and receive, though no praise (which we cannot deserve) yet a pardon, which in all humility we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should term our labours, iron or bullion: only it belongeth to your Majesty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint, current by the stamp or counterfeit by the anvil, for as nothing is to be called white unless it had been named white by the first creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others unless it be christened

12-13 against the hair] against the grain (as of an animal
 rubbed the wrong way) (Bond) 17 case] fortune
Epilogue at the Court 14 only to your Majesty] to
 your Majesty alone

good by the judgement of yourself For ourselves,
again we are those torches' wax, of which, being in
your^e Highness' hands, you may make doves or vul-
tures, roses or nettles, laurel for a garland or elder for
a disgrace 24

21 again] Cf the prologue at the Court, lines 19-22
23-4 elder for a disgrace] because Judas is said to have
hung himself on an elder-tree (Collier)

FINIS

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

BY

GEORGE PEELE

GEORGE PEELE (1557-1598)

The Old Wives' Tale

Acted probably after 1589, printed in 1595

[*Complete Works*, ed A. H. Bullen, 2 vols, 1888,
is scarce, costly, and modernized. A type-
facsimile of *The Old Wives' Tale* was issued by
the Malone Society in 1908.]



THE Old Wives Tale

A pleasant conceited Comedie,
played by the Queenes Ma-
iesties players.



Written by *G. Peele*



Printed at London by *John Danter*, and are to
be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *John*
Hardie. 1595

Dramatis Personae

SACRAPANT	Friar, Harvest-men, Furies
First Brother, named CALY-	Fiddlers, &c
PHA	DELIA, <i>sister to Calypha and</i>
Second Brother, named	<i>Thelea</i>
THELEA	VENELIA, <i>betrothed to Erestus</i>
EUMENIDES	ZANTIPPA, } <i>daughters to</i>
ERESTUS	CELANTA, } <i>Lampriscus</i>
LAMPRISCUS	Hostess
HUANEBANGO	
COREBUS	ANTIC
WIGGEN	FROLIC
Churchwarden	FANTASTIC
Sexton	CLUNCH, <i>a smith</i>
Ghost of JACK	MADGE, <i>his wife</i>

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

Enter Antic, Frolic, and Fantastic

Ant How now, fellow Frolic, what, all amort? doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head, as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred

Frol Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion, never in all my life was I so dead slain What! to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! *O coelum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!* 11

Fant Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Frol What resteth then but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of *O man in desperation?*

Ant Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb 21

Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we,
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree

Fant Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had called me up to bed 29

1 all amort] dejected 7 franion] idler 12 makes] makest
17-18 *O man in desperation*] a well-known popular tune 26 wooden] mad.

Frol Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny! In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art

*Enter Clunch
with a
lanthorn
and candle*

Clunch What am I? why I am Clunch the smith What are you? what make you in my territories at this time of the night? 39

Ant What do we make, dost thou ask? why, we make faces for fear, such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops, smith

Frol And in faith sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst, and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever 50

Clunch Well masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in

All O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch! 56

Clunch For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so [Here a dog barks
Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language Come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold —Open door, Madge, take in guests

Enter Madge

Madge Welcome Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man, for my good-man's sake,

40 make] pun on (a) do (as in l 38) and (b) make (faces)
43 side slops] wide breeches 47 Vulcan] smith

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 65

come on, sit down here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making

Ant Thanks, gammer a good example for the wives of our town

Frol Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together, we come to chat and not to eat 69

Clunch Well masters, if you will eat nothing, take away Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff to drive away the time? how say you?

Fant This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other no doubt but Clunch can bear his part 78

Frol Else think you me ill brought up, so set to it when you will [They sing

Song

When as the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream,
Then O, then O, then O, my true love said,
Till that time come again,
She could not live a maid

Ant This sport does well, but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly come, I am sure you are not without a score 90

Fant I' faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep

Frol Look you, gammer, of the Giant and the King's Daughter, and I know not what I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse

66 gammer] old woman (lit 'grandmother') 72
lamb's-wool] drink made of beer and roast crab-apples
73 trump ruff] card games 77 round] round song,

Madge Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their work must keep good hours one of you go lie with him, he is a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale

Fant No better hay¹⁰³ in Devonshire, o' my word gammer, I'll be one of your audience 104

Frol And I another, that's flat

Ant Then must I to bed with the good-man —
Bona nox, gammer, God night, Frolic

Clunch Come on my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me [Exeunt Antic and Clunch]

Frol Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore

Madge Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake

Both Content gammer, that will we do 115

Madge Once upon a time there was a king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow, and as red as blood and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away, and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter, and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land

Frol Who drest his dinner then?

Madge Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail

Fant Well said¹ on with your tale, gammer 124

Madge O Lord, I quite forgot, there was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do anything, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone, and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long, that her

103 No better hay in Devonshire] 'hay' may be either a country dance or an abbreviation of 'have you', but I do not understand this in either case 107 God night] good night 125 conjurer] magician.

two brothers went to seek her O, I forget she (he, I would say,) turned a proper young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a cross that parts three several ways, and he made his lady run mad—Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers

Frol Soft gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you

Fant Let them alone, let us hear what they will say

1st Bro Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrived now with tedious toil, 140
And compassing the wide world round about
To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her

2nd Bro O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance—
Soft! who have we here?

Enter Erestus at the Cross, stooping to gather.

1st Bro Now, father, God be your speed! what do you gather there?

Erest Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son 151

1st Bro Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! why, is that all your food, father?

Erest Yea, son

2nd Bro Father, here is an alms penny for me, and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear

1st Bro And father, here is another alms penny for me, and if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop shell of beaten gold

Erest Was she fair? 161

132 proper] handsome 133 keeps] lives (sc the young man does)
161 Was she fair?] some speeches must be lost in which the brothers told Erestus of their search for their sister

2nd Bro Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow,

Erest Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell
Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside at every danger
Things that seem are not the same,
Blow a blast at every flame

For when one flame of fire goes out, 170
Then comes your wishes well about
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the White Bear of England's Wood

1st Bro Brother, heard you not what the old man said?

Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside for every danger
Things that seem are not the same,
Blow a blast at every flame
If any ask who told you this good, 180
Say, the White Bear of England's Wood.

2nd Bro Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the White Bear of England's Wood!

[*Exeunt the Two Brothers*]

Erest Now sit thee here and tell a heavy tale
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer,
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I liv'd in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow,
For there I wedded was unto a dame, 190
That liv'd in honour, virtue, love, and fame.
But Sacrapant, that cursed sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love—
My dearest love, my true betrothed wife—
Did seek the means to rid me of my life
But worse than this, he with his chanting spells

185 cheer] bearing, deportment 196 chanting
spells] incantations

Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear,
 And when the sun doth settle in the west,
 Then I begin to don my ugly hide
 And all the day I sit, as now you see, 200
 And speak in riddles, all inspir'd with rage,
 Seeming an old and miserable man
 And yet I am in April of my age

Enter Venelia, his Lady, mad, and goes in again

See where Venelia, my betrothed love,
 Runs madding, all enrag'd, about the woods,
 All by his cursed and enchanting spells

Enter Lampriscus with a pot of honey

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbour
 How now, neighbour, you look toward the
 ground as well as I! you muse on something 209

Lamp Neighbour, on nothing, but on the matter
 I so often moved to you if you do anything for charity,
 help me, if for neighbourhood or brotherhood, help
 me never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus
 and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey to mend
 your fare

Erest Thanks, neighbour, set it down, honey is
 always welcome to the bear—And now neighbour,
 let me hear the cause of your coming

Lamp I am (as you know, neighbour) a man un-
 married, and lived so unquietly with my two wives,
 that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried
 them both, the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the
 other on Saint Luke's 223

Erest And now neighbour, you of this country say
 'your custom is out' But on with your tale, neigh-
 bour

Lamp By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me
 alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a
 great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all
 208-9 toward the ground] downcast 211 moved]
 propounded

that dwelt by her, or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter

231

Erest True, neighbour

Lamp She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur poor she is, and proud she is, as poor as a sheep new shorn, and as proud of her hopes, as a peacock of her tail well grown

Erest Well said, Lampriscus! you speak it like an Englishman

239

Lamp As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new taken from the mother's teat, she is to my age, as smoke to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth

Erest Holily praised, neighbour As much for the next

Lamp By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favoured, so foul, and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity

249

Erest Well, neighbour, now you have spoke, hear me speak, send them to the well for the water of life there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for Neighbour, farewell

[*Exit*

Lamp Farewell, and a thousand And now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel

[*Exit*

Frol Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick, but do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

259

Madge Ay, this is he, and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men, ten to one they sing a song of mowing

240 curst] bad-tempered 246 foul] ugly 248
answerable to] fit compensation for 257-8 without a
fiddling-stick] the tune plays itself (?).

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 71

Enter the Harvest-men a-singing, with this song double repeated

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love,
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Huanebango with his two-hand sword, and Corebus

Fant Gammer, what is he?

Madge O, this is one that is going to the conjurer
let him alone, hear what he says 271

Huan Now by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honour of my house Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion Alas, my friend, what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest do off these desires, good countryman, good friend, run away from thyself, and, so soon as thou canst, forget her,—whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labours achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill conjuring—and that is the great and mighty Huanebango 287

Cor Hark you, sir, hark you First know I have here the flirting feather, and have given the parish the start for the long stock now sir, if it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and 'riddle me, riddle me, what's this?' I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers 293

Huan I have abandoned the court and honourable

281 affectest] lovest 290 long stock] long stocking,
he is boasting of his new fashions (Bullen).

company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician if this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, she is mine—*meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum*

Cor O *falsum Latinum*! The fair maid is *minum, cum apurtinantibus giblets* and all 300

Huan If she be mine, as I assure myself the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most famous stock of Huanebango—Polimackeroeplacidus my grandfather, my father Pergopolneo, my mother Dionora de Sardinia, famously descended

Cor Do you hear, sir, had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan Indeed, I had a cousin that sometime followed the court unfortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis 311

Cor O Lord, I know him well he is the knight of the neat's-feet

Huan O, he loved no capon better! he hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner, that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis

Cor Come, shall we go along?

Enter Erestus

Soft! here is an old man at the cross, let us ask him the way thither—Ho, you gaffer, I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells 320

Huan Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart

Erest Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son

Huan I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion

Erest Yet give something to an old man before you go

319 gaffer] old man (lit 'grandfather')

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 73

Huan Father, methinks a piece of this cake might serve your turn 331

Erest Yea, son

Huan Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars —Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara • [Exit

Cor Father, do you see this man? you little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass for a pudding! I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with a 'superfantial substance, and the foison of the earth', that I know not what he means If he came to me thus, and said, 'My friend Booby,' or so, why I could spare him a piece with all my heart, but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why he makes me blind and deaf at once Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes *Cake*

Erest Thanks, son, but list to me, He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see 350 Farewell, my son things may so hit, Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit

Cor Farewell, father, farewell, for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before [Exeunt

Enter Sacrapant in his study

Sac The day is clear, the welkin bright and gray,
The lark is merry and records her notes,
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.

336 buckler] protect 338 pass] care 341
superfantial] the *Oxford English Dictionary* shares Corebus's
ignorance of this word foison] plenty 343
Booby] Corebus, the Quarto sometimes calls him so even
in stage directions 348 as hard goes] though
times are hard s d *Cake*] *sc* he gives him some.

In Thessaly was I born and brought up, 360
 My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
 And by her cunning I of her did learn
 To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
 There did I turn myself into a dragon,
 And stole away the daughter to the king,
 Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart,
 And brought her hither to revive the man
 That seemeth young and pleasant to behold
 And yet is aged, crooked, weak and numb
 Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive 370
 Those that behold and look upon my face,
 But well may I bid youthful years adieu

Enter Delia with a pot in her hand

See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!
 How now, fair Delia, where have you been?

Del At the foot of the rock for running water, and
 gathering roots for your dinner, sir

Sac Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the running
 water, yet harder far than steel or adamant!

Del Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt, thou
 shalt have it brought into thy lap 381

Del Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best
 meat from the King of England's table, and the best
 wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in
 all Spain

Sac Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant! Well,
 sit thee down —

Spread, table, spread, meat, drink and bread,
 Ever may I have, what I ever crave,

When I am spread, 390

For meat for my black cock, and meat for my red

Enter a Friar with a chine of beef and a pot of wine
 Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

361 hight] was called

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 75

Del Is this the best meat in England?

Sac Yea

Del What is it?

Sac A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers

Del Is this the best wine in France?

Sac Yea

Del What wine is it? 400

Sac A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England

Del Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?

Sac Yea

Del What is he, a friar?

Sac Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite

Del Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?

Fri The miserable and most covetous usurer

Sac Hold thee there, friar [*Exit Friar*] But, soft! Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone! 411

Enter the Two Brothers

Delia, away! for beset are we —

But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me

[*Exeunt Delia and Sacrapant*]

1st Bro Brother, was not that Delia, did appear, Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2nd Bro Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again! He calls, that of thy absence doth complain — Call out, Calypha, that she may hear, And cry aloud, for Delia is near

Echo Near 420

1st Bro Near! O, where? hast thou any tidings?

Echo Tidings

2nd Bro Which way is Delia, then? or that, or this?

Echo This

1st Bro And may we safely come where Delia is?

415 shadow] image

76 THE OLD WIVES' TALE

Echo Yes

2nd Bro Brother, remember you the White Bear of England's Wood?

'Start not aside for every danger, 430

Be not afear'd of every stranger,

Things that seem are not the same

1st Bro Brother, why do we not, then, courageously enter?

2nd Bro Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me

Enter Sacrapant, it lightens and thunders, the 2nd Brother falls down

1st Bro What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac Ay, and thou too, Calypha

[*The 1st Brother falls down*

Adeste, daemones!

Enter Two Furies

Away with them 440

Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell,

There in despair and torture for to dwell

[*Exeunt Furies with the Two Brothers*

These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,

That come to seek Delia their sister forth:

But, with a potion I to her have given,

My arts have made her to forget herself

[*He removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass*

See here the thing which doth prolong my life—

With this enchantment I do anything,

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,

And never none shall break this little glass, 450

But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid

Then cheer thyself, this is thy destiny,

Never to die but by a dead man's hand [*Exit*

Enter Eumenides, the wandering Knight, and Erethus, at the Cross.

Eum Tell me, Time,

Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
 When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
 When shall my wandering course end with her sight,
 Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?
 Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I pray, good
 father, tell me mine 460

Erest Son, I do see in thy face
 Thy blessed fortune work apace,
 I do perceive that thou hast wit,
 Beg of thy fate to govern it,
 For wisdom govern'd by advise,
 Makes many fortunate and wise
 Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
 Till dead men's bones come at thy call
 Farewell, my son dream of no rest,
 Till thou repent that thou didst best [Exit

Eum This man hath left me in a labyrinth 471
 He biddeth me give more than all,
 'Till dead men's bones come at thy call '
 He biddeth me dream of no rest,
 Till I repent that I do best [Lies down and sleeps

Enter Wiggen, Corebus, Churchwarden, and Sexton

Wig You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald
 Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in
 those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so
 long above ground unburied A rot on you all, that
 have no more compassion of a good fellow when he
 is gone! 481

Church What, would you have us to bury him, and
 to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex Parish me no parishes, pay me my fees, and
 let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put
 it down for one of your good deeds, o' God's name!
 for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits

Cor You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face,
 465 advise] thought 476 scald] scurvy 483
 answer] answer for

shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?⁴⁹¹

Wig Peace, Corebus! as sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once

Church Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou darest answer

Wig Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this

Sex Help, help, help! Wiggen sets upon the parish with a pike-staff!⁵⁰¹

[*Eumenides awakes and comes to them*]

Eum Hold thy hands, good fellow

Cor Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum Why, what was that Jack?

Cor Who, Jack, sir? who, our Jack, sir? as good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather

Wig Look you, sir, he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him, was not this good dealing?

Church O Lord, sir, how he lies! he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel he shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steeven Loach⁵¹⁹

Wig *Sic argumentaris, Domine* Loach,—‘An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel?’ In good time,

491 Christmas] Christian 493 frolic'st franion] merriest idler 517 thatch the chancel] *sc* after selling the lead of its roof

sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes when you have done *Domine, opponens praepono tibi hanc questionem*, whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb

Eum Hold thy hands! I pray thee, good fellow, be not too hasty 530

Cor You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days with never a tatter to your arse, then you are in worse taking than Jack

Eum Faith and he is bad enough This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend, how much will bury him?

Wig Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly

Sex Ay, even thereabouts, sir 539

Eum Here, hold it, then —[*aside*] and I have left me but one poor three-half-pence, now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross 'Bestow all thou hast,' and this is all, 'till dead men's bones come at thy call '—here, hold it [*gives money*], and so farewell

Wig God, and all good, be with you, sir!

[*Exit Eumenides*]

Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of Jack at mine own proper costs and charges

Cor You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb —Well, we'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill

[*Exit with Wiggen*]

Church, Sex Come, let's go [*Exeunt*]

Fant But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish 553

Madge O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved you shall see anon what this Jack will come to

527 mine] *sc* my argument 538 honestly] decently
546 of] on

80 THE OLD WIVES' TALE

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with women in their hands

Frol Soft! who have we here? our amorous harvesters

Fant Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone

Here the Harvest-men sing, the song doubled

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping, 560

To reap our harvest-fruit!

And thus we pass the year so long,

And never be we mute

[Exeunt the Harvest-men]

Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clown

Frol Soft! who have we here?

Madge O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword now goes he to the conjurer

Fant Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box

Huan Fee, fa, fum,

Here is the Englishman,—

Conquer him that can,—

Came for his lady bright,

To prove himself a knight,

And win her love in fight

Cor Who-haw, Master Bango, are you here? hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me

Huan Hence, base cullion! here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever saith no 581

A Voice and flame of fire Huanebango falleth down

Voice No!

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in Now goes Corebus in, spite of the conjurer

556 s d *in their hands*] hand in hand

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 81

Enter Sacrapant and strike Corebus blind.

Sac Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites

[*Huanebango is carried out*
And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night 589

Cor Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbed poor Corebus of his sight [*Exit*

Sac Hence, villain, hence!—Now I have unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers
Lo, where they labour, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted ground!
Now will I call her by another name,
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breath'd his last.
See where she comes 600

Enter Delia

Come hither, Delia, take this goad, here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough
[*He gives her a goad.*

Del Good sir, I know not what you mean
Sac [*aside*] She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget,
But I will change her name —
Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench, they dig for gold
[*Exit* 610

Del O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work
See where they come

Enter the Two Brothers in their shirts, with spades, digging.

1st Bro O brother, see where Delia is!

611 beholding] grateful

2nd Bro O Delia, happy are we to see thee here!

Del What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?

I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean

Ply you your work, or else you are like to smart

1st Bro Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?

We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth, 620

And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia

Del Yet more of Delia? then take this, and smart

[Pricks them with the goad]

What, feign you shifts for to defer your labour?

Work, villains, work, it is for gold you dig

2nd Bro Peace, brother, peace this vild enchanter

Hath ravish'd Delia of her senses clean,

And she forgets that she is Delia

1st Bro Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable —

Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel 629

Here they dig, and descry the light under a little hill

2nd Bro Stay, brother, what hast thou descried?

Del Away, and touch it not, it is something that my lord hath hidden there

[She covers it again]

Enter Sacrapant

Sac Well said! thou plyest these pioners well — Go get you in, you labouring slaves

Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,

And hear the nightingale record her notes *[Exeunt]*

Enter Zantippa, the curst daughter, to the Well, with a pot in her hand

Zan Now for a husband, house, and home God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband 640

625 vild] vile 633 Well said] well done plyest these pioners] keepest these diggers at their task

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 83

*Enter Celanta, the foul wench, to the Well for water, with
a pot in her hand*

But here comes Celanta my sweet sister I'll stand by
and hear what she says

Cel My father hath sent me to the well for water,
and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband,
and none of the worst Well, though I am black, I am
sure all the world will not forsake me, and, as the old
proverb is, 'though I am black, I am not the devil' 647

Zan Marry gup with a murren, I know wherefore
thou speakest that, but go thy ways home as wise as
thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanion

*Here she strikes her pitchen against her sister's, and breaks
them both, and goes her way*

Cel I think this be the curtest quean in the world
you see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the
devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's
earth Well, I'll let her alone, and go home and get
another pitchen, and, for all this, get me to the well
for water [Exit

*Enter two Furies out of Sacrapant's Cell and lays Huane-
bango by the Well of Life*

Enter Zantippa with a pitchen to the Well

Zan Once again for a husband, and, in faith,
Celanta, I have got the start of you, belike husbands
grow by the well-side Now my father says I must
rule my tongue why, alas, what am I, then? a woman
without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon,
but I'll have my water, and be gone 662

*Here she offers to dip her pitchen in, and a Head speaks in
the Well*

Head Gently dip, but not too deep,

647 black] dark-haired	648 gup] meaningless ex-
pression of remonstrance	650 wanion] vengeance
651 curtest] worst-tempered	quean] wench

For fear you make the golden beard to weep.

Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread

Zan What is this?

'Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head, 670
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread?'
'Cockle' callest thou it, boy? faith, I'll give you
cockle-bread

*She breaks her pitcher upon the Head then it thunders and
lightens, and Huanebango rises up Huanebango is deaf
and cannot hear*

Huan Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, florida,
flortos

Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sul-
phurous huff-snuff

Wak'd with a wench! Pretty peat, pretty love, and
my sweet pretty pignie,

Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great Huanebango
Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars, or
thunder Olympus 678

Zan [aside] Foh, what greasy groom have we here?
He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the
well, and speaks like a drum perished at the west end

Huan O, that I might,—but I may not, woe to my
destiny therefore!—

Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot tell me, my destiny,
wherefore?

Zan [aside] Whoop! now I have my dream Did
you never hear so great a wonder as this, 'Three blue
beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle?' 686

Huan [aside] I'll now set my countenance, and to
her in prose, it may be, this rim-ram-ruff is too rude

667 cockle-bread] used as a love charm 674

Philida &c] Huanebango thunders in English hexameters

676 peat] pet 687-8 to her] address myself to her

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 85

an encounter —Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure,
revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly
conjurer, that hath cast me, or congealed me rather,
into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass 692

Zan [*aside*] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa, thou hast thy
fortune, a fool and a husband under one

Huan Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, about some
twenty years, the very April of mine age

Zan [*aside*] Why, what a prating ass is this!

Huan Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within,
Her golden locks, her rolling eye, 700
Her pretty parts, let them go by,
Heigh-ho, hath wounded me,
That I must die this day to see!

Zan By Gog's bones, thou art a flouting knave
'her coral lips, her crimson chin!' ka, wilshaw!

Huan True, my own, and my own because mine,
and mine because mine, ha, ha! above a thousand
pounds in possibility, and things fitting thy desire in
possession 709

Zan [*aside*] The sot thinks I ask of his lands Lob
be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny!—Hear
you, sir, an if you will have us, you had best say so
betime

Huan True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy
progeny with my pedigree [*Exeunt*]

Enter Eumenides, the wandering Knight

Eum Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate,
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides,—
Die in the spring, the April of my age!—
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done 720
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

705 ka, wilshaw] 'ka' means 'quothe', 'wilshaw' is not
explained 710 Lob] Lob's pound was the thralldom of
the hen-pecked husband (Bullen)

*Enter Jack**Jack* You are well overtaken, sir*Eum* Who's that?*Jack* You are heartily well met, sir*Eum* Forbear, I-say who is that which pincheth me? 726*Jack* Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof,—God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? how say you, sir?*Eum* Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy, my state is so bad 737*Jack* Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood? ha, ha! have I touched you now?*Eum* [*aside*] I think this boy be a spirit—How knowest thou all this? 747*Jack* Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three-half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat*Eum* Well, my lad, since thou art so importunate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three-half-pence 757

742 Jack-an-apes] ape

Jack Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to, for, master, I know you are passing hungry, therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come, no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after

Eum Ay, go before, I'll follow thee

Jack But do you hear, master? do you know my name?

Eum No, I promise thee, not yet.

Jack Why, I am Jack

[Exit

Eum Jack! why, be it so, then

769

Enter the Hostess and Jack, setting meat on the table, and Fiddlers come to play Eumenides walketh up and down, and will eat no meat

Host How say you, sir, do you please to sit down?

Eum Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach

Host Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? doth not this meat please him?

Jack Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats, therefore, a reckoning, good hostess

777

Host Marry, shall you, sir, presently

[Exit

Eum Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? thou knowest I have not any money therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

Jack Well, master, look in your purse

Eum Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money

Jack Why, look you, master, do so much for me

Eum Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

Jack 'Alas,' master! does that word belong to this accident? why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado danced a galliard round about the chamber! why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this Come, hostess, cheer up my master

791

Enter Hostess.

Host You are heartily welcome, and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never ate of

Eum Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess

Jack But hear you, master, one word by the way are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum I am, Jack, here is my hand 800

Jack Enough, master, I ask no more

Eum Come, hostess, receive your money, and I thank you for my good entertainment

Host You are heartily welcome, sir

Eum Come, Jack, whither go we now?

Jack Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently

Eum Content, Jack — Hostess, farewell [*Exeunt*]

Enter Corebus and Celanta, the foul wench, to the Well for water

Cor Come, my duck, come I have now got a wife thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel My Corebus, the fairest alive, make no doubt of that 811

Cor Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now I'll go fetch some water sit down while I dip my pitcher in

A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them in her lap

Head Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread 820

809 art thou not?] Corebus is blind, see line 585 s d

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 89

A Head comes up full of gold she combs it into her lap

2nd Head Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep
Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stoke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree

Cel O, see, Corebus, I have combed a great deal
of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn! 828

Cor Well said, wench! now we shall have just
enough God send us coiners to coin our gold But
come, shall we go home, sweetheart?

Cel Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you

Cor So, Corebus, things have well hit,
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit [Exeunt.

Enter Jack and Eumenides

Jack Come away, master, come

Eum Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee Jack, they
say it is good to go cross-legged, and say his prayers
backward, how sayest thou? 838

Jack Tut, never fear, master! Let me alone here
sit you still, speak not a word, and because you shall
not be enticed with his enchanting speeches with this
same wool I'll stop your ears—and so, master, sit still,
for I must to the conjurer [Exit

Enter Sacrapant

Sac How now! what man art thou, that sits
so sad?

Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word, but mum?
Then, Sacrapant, thou art betrayed

829 just] the word is probably wrong, some copies read
'tost' and editors have suggested 'grist', 'toast' 839
Let me alone] trust me 840 because] so that

Enter Jack invisible, and taketh off Sacrapant's wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?

What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state? 850

Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days

Alas, my veins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,

My blood is pierc'd, my breath fleeting away,

And now my timeless date is come to end!

He in whose life his actions hath been so foul,

Now in his death to hell descends his soul [*He dieth*

Jack O, sir, are you gone? now I hope we shall have some other coil—Now, master, how like you this? the conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her—Alas, he heareth me not all this while! but I will help that 862

[*He pulls the wool out of his ears*

Eum How now, Jack! what news?

Jack Here, master, take this sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill [*He digs, and spies a light*

Eum How now, Jack! what is this?

Jack Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay 870

Eum Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light

Jack Ay, master, how?

Eum Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out

Jack No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial, nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light, but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen 879

[*He winds the horn*

858 coil] bustle, excitement
ments he has performed

869 his art] *sc* the enchant-
877 Boreas] the North Wind

Here enters Venelia, and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again

Jack So, master, how like you this? this is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross, and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty and now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for

He draweth a curtain, and there Delia sitteth asleep

Eum God speed, fair maid, sitting alone,—there is once, God speed, fair maid,—there is twice, God speed, fair maid,—that is thrice

Del Not so, good sir, for you are by 888

Jack Enough, master, she hath spoke, now I will leave her with you [Exit

Eum Thou fairest flower of these western parts,
Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun,
For thy sweet sake I have cross'd the frozen Rhine;
Leaving fair Po, I sail'd up Danuby,
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians
These have I cross'd for thee, fair Delia
Then grant me that which I have su'd for long 899

Del Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee

Eum Thanks, gentle madam but here comes Jack,
thank him, for he is the best friend that we have

Enter Jack, with a head in his hand

How now, Jack! what hast thou there?

Jack Marry, master, the head of the conjurer

Eum Why, Jack, that is impossible, he was a young man 908

Jack Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! but he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh, for, master, this conjurer took the shape of the old

man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer But now, master, wind your horn

He winds his horn Enter Venelia, the Two Brothers, and Erestus

Eum Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia!
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both!
Now have I her that I so long have sought,
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent

1st Bro Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favours so let us rejoice 921
That by thy means we are at liberty
Here may we joy each in other's sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight

Jack So, master, now ye think you have done, but
I must have a saying to you you know you and I were
partners, I to have half in all you got

Eum Why, so thou shalt, Jack

Jack Why, then, master, draw your sword, part
your lady, let me have half of her presently 930

Eum Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest I
promised thee half I got, but not half my lady

Jack But what else, master? have you not gotten
her? therefore divide her straight, for I will have half
—there is no remedy

Eum Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend,
take her all here, Jack, I'll give her thee

Jack Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even
just half

Eum Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend,
I will divide her Jack, thou shalt have half 941

1st Bro Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle
knight

2nd Bro O, spare fair Delia! she deserves no death

Eum Content yourselves, my word is passed to him
Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die

THE OLD WIVES' TALE 93

Del Then farewell, world! adieu, Eumenides!

He offers to strike, and Jack stays him

Jack Stay, master, it is sufficient I have tried your constancy Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow? 950

Eum Ay, very well, Jack

Jack Then, master, thank that good deed for this good turn and so God be with you all!

[Jack leaps down in the ground]

Eum Jack, what, art thou gone?—then farewell, Jack!—

Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,

Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,

We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts

All Agreed we follow thee and Delia

[Exeunt all except Frolic, Fantastic, and Madge]

Fant What gammer, asleep?

Madge By the mass, son, 'tis almost day, and my windows shut at the cock's-crow! 961

Frol Do you hear, gammer? methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them

Madge O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury, and that makes him to help the wandering knight so much But come, let us in we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart

Fant Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer? 970

Madge Yes, faith when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way, and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast

953 s d in] into 965 coil] bustle 968 depart]
part 973 to] for

FINIS.

Printed at London by John Danter, for Ralph
Hancock, and John Hardie, and are to
be sold at the shop over against
Saint Giles his Church with-
out Cripplegate
1595

The colophon of the first quarto

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR
BUNGAY

BY
ROBERT GREENE

ROBERT GREENE (1558-1592)

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay

Acted probably in 1590 or 1591, printed in 1594

[*Complete Works*, ed A B Grosart, 15 vols, 1881-6, is scarce, costly, and not very reliable, *Plays and Poems*, ed J C Collins, 2 vols, Oxford, 1905, is rather more trustworthy. A type-facsimile of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* was issued by the Malone Society in 1926.]



THE
HONORABLE HISTORIE
offrier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.



LONDON,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of
the Gunne 1594.

Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE THIRD	LAMBERT, }	<i>Gentlemen</i>
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,	SERLSBY, }	
<i>his son</i>	Two Scholars, <i>their sons</i>	
EMPEROR OF GERMANY	Keeper	
KING OF CASTILE	Keeper's Friend	
DUKE OF SAXONY	THOMAS, }	<i>Clowns</i>
LACY, <i>Earl of Lincoln</i>	RICHARD, }	
WARREN, <i>Earl of Sussex</i>	Constable	
ERMSBY, <i>a Gentleman</i>	A Post	
RALPH SIMNEL, <i>the King's</i>	Lords, Clowns, &c	
<i>Fool</i>	ELINOR, <i>daughter to the King</i>	
FRIAR BACON	<i>of Castile</i>	
MILES, <i>Friar Bacon's poor</i>	MARGARET, <i>the Keeper's</i>	
<i>scholar</i>	<i>daughter</i>	
FRIAR BUNGAY	JOAN, <i>a country wench</i>	
JAQUES VANDERMAST	Hostess of the Bell at Hen-	
BURDEN, }	<i>ley</i>	
MASON, }	A Devil	
CLEMENT, }	Spirit in the shape of HER-	
	GULES	

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

Act I Scene I

Enter Edward the First, malcontented, with Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, John Warren, Earl of Sussex, and Ermsby, gentleman Ralph Simnel, the King's Fool

Lacy Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky
When heaven's bright shine is shadowed with a fog?
Alas we ran the deer, and through the lawnds
Stripp'd with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teisers like the wind
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before,
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase, 10
And now chang'd to a melancholy dump

War After the prince got to the keeper's lodge,
And had been jocand in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink,
That seem'd so stately in her stammel red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions

Erms Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amont live malcontent? 21

4 Stripp'd] outstripped 5 teisers] deerhounds
11 dump] dejection 13 jocand] joking, making
merry 17 stammel] coarse woollen cloth 21 all
amont] dejected

Ralph Hearest thou, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

Edw What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the Keeper's daughter?

Edw How if I be, what then?

Ralph Why then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive love

Edw How, Ralph?

30

Ralph Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my fool

Edw And what of this?

Ralph Why, so thou shalt beguile Love, for Love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

Edw Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,

How lively in her country weeds she look'd?

A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield —

40

All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such

Ralph Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived

Erms Why, Ralph?

Ralph He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire

War How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? yes, I warrant thee, by his whole grammar

50

Erms A good reason, Ralph

Edw I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire,
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair,
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,

53 lighten forth] give forth like lightning

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks,
 Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
 The glories of her gorgeous excellence,
 Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites, 60
 Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cleeves
 Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,
 If thou survey'st her curious imagery

Lacy I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
 As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield,
 But in the court be quainter dames than she,
 Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,
 Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
 And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love
Edw Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as
 myself, 70

And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
 Their courtly coyness were but foolery
Erms Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

Edw Whenas she swept like Venus through the
 house,—

And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,—
 Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
 And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
 As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery
 She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
 And div'd them into milk to run her cheese, 80
 But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
 Checked with lines of azure, made her blush,
 That art or nature durst bring for compare—
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
 How beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl
 Like Lucrece laid her fingers to the work,
 Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all
 To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield

58 front] forehead	table] tablet, sketch-book	60
margarites] pearls	61 cleeves] cliffs	66 quainter]
more exquisite	74 Whenas] when	82 her] s ^c .
any other woman	83 compare] comparison	

Ralph Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?

Edw Ay, Ralph

Ralph Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head,
thou shalt have her already!

Edw I'll give thee a new coat, an learn me that

Ralph Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to
Friar Bacon O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah, they say
he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women
of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers

Edw And how then, Ralph?

Ralph Marry, Sirrah, thou shalt go to him, and
because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall
turn me into thee, and I'll to the court, and I'll prince
it out, and he shall make thee either a silken purse,
full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock

Edw But how shall I have the maid?

Ralph Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full
of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side,
and you must not say a word Now, sir, when she
comes into a great prease of people, for fear of the cut-
purse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd,
then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself

Erms Excellent policy!

Edw But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay
thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put
thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being
turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the
match

Lacy Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph

Edw Ralph shall have a new coat

Ralph God thank you when I have it on my back,
Ned.

Edw Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot,
For why our country Margaret is so coy,

93 an learn] if you will teach 95 brave] fine 100
because] so that 108 prease] press 109 plackerd]
placket, opening in the front of skirt or petticoat

And stands so much upon her honest points,
 That mairiage or no market with the maid
 Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells
 And charms of art that must enchain her love,
 Or else shall Edward never win the girl
 Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
 And post to Oxford to this jolly friar 130
 Bacon shall by his magic do this deed

War Content, my lord, and that's a speedy way
 To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat
Edw I am unknown, not taken for the prince,
 They only deem us frolic courtiers,
 That revel thus among our liege's game
 Therefore I have devis'd a policy
 Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',
 And then the country flocks to Harleston Fair
 Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there, 140
 And over-shine the troop of all the maids,
 That come to see and to be seen that day
 Haunt thee disguis'd among the country-swains,
 Feign th'art a farmer's son, not far from thence,
 Espy her loves, and who she liketh best,
 Cote him, and court her to control the clown,
 Say that the courtier 'tired all in green,
 That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
 And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
 Commends him, and sends fairings to herself 150
 Buy something worthy of her parentage,
 Not worth her beauty, for, Lacy, then the Fair
 Affords no jewel fitting for the maid
 And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush
 O, then she loves, but if her cheeks wax pale,
 Dismay it is Lacy, send how she fares,
 And spare no time nor cost to win her loves
Lacy I will, my lord, so execute this charge,
 As if that Lacy were in love with her

146 Cote] surpass control the clown] put the clown
 in his place 150 fairings] presents at fair-time

Edw Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news 160

Ralph And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells

Lacy What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him, and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son and my master Ned, is become Love's morris-dance

Edw Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge, And I will haste to Oxford to the friar, 170
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield

Lacy God send your honour your heart's desire
[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter Friar Bacon, with Miles his poor scholar with books under his arm, with them Burden, Mason, Clement, three doctors

Bacon Miles, where are you?

Miles *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor*

Bacon *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*

Miles *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitares libros in unum!*

Bacon Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell, 180
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply

2 &c. No translation could reproduce the ineptitude of Miles's Latin here and throughout the play 11 stall'd] installed
Brazen-nose] Greene's spelling of Brasen-nose indicates his pronunciation, which the metre requires, the College did not exist in Bacon's day

Burd Bacon, we hear, that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery,
In pyromancy to divine by flames,
To tell by hydromantic ebbs and tides,
By aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions as Apollo did

Bacon Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Miles Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of
these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes that
which is above us pertains nothing to us 22

Burd I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says
Th'art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy,
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st ere many years or days be past
To compass England with a wall of brass 30

Bacon And what of this?

Miles What of this, master! why he doth speak
mystically for he knows if your skill fail to make a
brazen head yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his
turn to make him have a copper nose

Clem Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our academy yields
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world,
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame, 40
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Friar Bacon for his art

Mason Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent

Bacon Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse

37 academy] here (and usually) pronounced academy
46 Resolve you] learn

The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends, 50
Bow to the force of his pentageron
What art can work, the frolic friar knows,
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy,
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Caesars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain, 60
They should not touch a grass of English ground,
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carved out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye

Burd Is this possible?

Miles I'll bring ye two or three witnesses

Burd What be those?

Miles Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and
good companions as any be in hell 71

Mason No doubt but magic may do much in this,
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men

Burd But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,
And tells of more than magic can perform,
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? yet to think 80
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot

51 pentageron] pentagonon, the magical five-pointed
star 76 roves a bow] shoots an arrow at long range,
with oblique trajectory

Bacon Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus,
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee

Burd I will ask what thou can

Miles Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-
pack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine
gender be most worthy 91

Bacon Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at
Henley upon the Thames?

Burd I was, what then?

Bacon What book studied you there on all night?

Burd I! none at all, I read not there a line

Bacon Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows
naught

Clem What say you to this, Master Burden? doth
he not touch you?

Burd I pass not of his frivolous speeches 100

Miles Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath
done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce,
and shake you so small, that he will leave no more
learning in you than is in Balaam's ass

Bacon Masters, for that learned Burden's skill is
deep,

And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art, 110
Thus private steals he learning from us all
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself

Miles Nay, now my master goes to conjuration,
take heed

Bacon Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you
but his book

89-90 pick-pack] pick-a-back 100 pass not] take no
heed

Here he conjures

Pex omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

118

Enter Hostess with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devil

Miles O, master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all, for here's a shē-devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit you have marred the devil's supper, but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed

Hostess O, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon What art thou?

Hostess Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell

Bacon How camest thou here?

Hostess As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids, Spitting the meat against supper for my guess, 130
A motion moved me to look forth of door
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds
As in a trance I thought nor feared naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be

Bacon No? know you not Master Burden?

Hostess O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest —
What, Master Burden! 'twas but yesternight 140
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards

Burd I know not what we did — A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon It is — But, Burden, tell me now,
Thinkest thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?

Miles I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden
124 exceed] form holiday fare 130 guess] guests

could conjure as well as you, he would have his book
every night from Henley to study on at Oxford 152

Mason Burden, what, are you mated by this frolic
friar?—

Look how he droops, his guilty conscience
Drives him to bash and makes his hostess blush

Bacon Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper gin—Burden, bid her adieu,
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes—

Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home 160

Hostess Master Burden, when shall we see you at
Henley? [*Exeunt Hostess and the Devil*]

Burd The devil take thee and Henley too

Miles Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon What's that?

Miles Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to
provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send
Doctor Burden flying after

Bacon Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof, 170

And as the college called Brazen-nose

Is under him, and he the master there,

So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,

And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms,

And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,

But I will circle England round with brass

Miles So be it, *et nunc et semper*, amen [*Exeunt*]

Scene III

*Enter Margaret the fair maid of Fressingfield, with Thomas
and Joan, and other Clowns, Lacy disguised in country
apparel*

Thom By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is
able to make a man call his father 'whoreson' if this

153 mated] amazed 155 bash] quail 156
for] because 158 gin] begin.

weather hold we shall have hay good cheap and butter
and cheese at Harleston will bear no price

Mar Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay,
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield 10
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can
Phoebus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlers shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy

Lacy But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phoebus from his palace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint, 20
Shows all his glories for to court yourself

Mar This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery!
But, learn of me, your scoff's too broad before —
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests,
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield

Joan Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a farmer's
son

I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church —
But, Thomas, what's the news? what, in a dump! 30
Give me your hand, we are near a pedler's shop,
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now

Thom Faith, Joan, and shall I'll bestow a fairing
on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off
a pint of wine or two

All this while Lacy whispers Margaret in the ear

6 cope] bargain 13 &c fairings] presents at fair-
time 14-15 Phoebus Semele] sc the sun is golden

Mar Whence are you, sir? of Suffolk? for you terms
Are finer than the common sort of men

Lacy Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesy to such dames! 40
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge,
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tired in green he sent you this rich purse
His token, that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself

Mar To me? you forget yourself

Lacy Women are often weak in memory

Mar O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man 50
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love
For we have little leisure to debate of that

Joan What, Margaret, blush not! maids must have
their loves

Thom Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she
were angry

Rich Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth
Goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him—I'll
tell you, Margaret, 'a were good to be a gentleman's
jade, for of all things the foul hilding could not abide
a dung-cart 61

Mar [*aside*] How different is this farmer from the
rest,

That erst as yet hath pleas'd my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesies gentle, smelling of the court,
Facile and debonair in all his deeds,
Proportion'd as was Paris, when, in gray,
He courted Aenon in the vale by Troy
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love

46 His token, that] his token is this, that 59 'a]
he 60 hilding] jade 67 gar] shepherd's garb

Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield? 70
 And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
 Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye
 But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
 And show as yet no sign of love to him,
 Although thou well^d wouldst wish him for thy love
 Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
 To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn —
 Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fau? —
 You Beccles man, will not forsake us now

Lacy Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as
 you 80

Mar Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
 Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
 And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
 Butter and cheese, cream, and fat venison,
 You shall have store, and welcome therewithal

Lacy Gramercies, Peggy, look for me ere long
 [Exeunt

Act II Scene I

*Enter Henry the Third, the Emperor, the King of
 Castile, Elinor his daughter, Jaques Vandermast,
 a German*

Hen Great men of Europe, monarchs of the West,
 Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
 Whose lofty surges like the battlements
 That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,

* * * * *

Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
 To England's shore, whose promontory-cleaves
 Shows Albion is another little world,
 Welcome says English Henry to you all,
 Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
 Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas, 10

85 store] plenty Heading Emperor] *sc* of Germany
 4-5] There seems to be a line missing, Dickinson reads
 'surge is' for 'surges' in line 3 6 cleaves] cliffs

And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son

Cast England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor,
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus
Then may fair England welcome her the more 20

Elin After that English Henry by his loids
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,
A present to the Casule Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monaich's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake 30

Emp Where is the prince, my lord?

Hen He posted down, not long since, from the
court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer
From thence, by packeis sent to Hampton House,
We hear the prince is ridden, with his lords,
To Oxford, in the academy there
To hear dispute amongst the learned men
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court 40

Emp Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields

11 Agenor's damsel] Agenor's daughter, Europa, whom
Jupiter, transformed into a bull, carried on his back across
the sea to Crete 27 Damas'] of Damascus

From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk,
 To hold dispute with English orators
 This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast,
 A German born, pass'd into Padua,
 To Florence and to fair Bologna,
 To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans, 50
 And, talking there with men of art, put down
 The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
 In magic, and the mathematic rules,
 Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools
Hen He shall, my lord, this motion likes me well
 We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
 And see what men our academy brings —
 And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me
 In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
 Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower 60
 Set him but non-plus in his magic spells,
 And make him yield in mathematic rules,
 And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
 Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
 But with a coronet of choicest gold
 Whilst then we flit to Oxford with our troops,
 Let's in and banquet in our English court [*Exeunt*

Scene II

Enter Ralph Simnel *in* Edward's *apparel*, Edward,
 Warren, Ermsby *disguised*

Ralph Where be these vacabond knaves, that they
 attend no better on their master?

Edw If it please your honour, we are all ready at
 an inch

Ralph Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse
 to ride on I'll have another fetch

Erms I pray you, how is that, my lord?

51 put down] worsted 55 likes] pleases 66
 Whilst] till 1 vacabond] vagabond

Ralph Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed, with a canopy, and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please
This will be easy

War Your honour hath said well, but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

Erms Warren, well motioned, we will to the friar Before we revel it within the town

Ralph see you keep your countenance like a prince

Ralph Wherefore have I such a company of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter Bacon and Miles

Erms Stay, who comes here?

War Some scholar, and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is

Bacon Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee good scholar? doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizar is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin

Miles No, sir? yes! what is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo*, 'I am your man,' I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford

Bacon Come on, sirrah, what part of speech is *Ego*?

Miles *Ego*, that is 'I', marry, *nomen substantiuo*

Bacon How prove you that?

Miles Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a will, I can be heard, felt and understood

Bacon O gross dunce! [Here beats him

19 cutting] swaggering 28 subsizar] poor scholar
performing menial tasks to support himself (a Cambridge term)
33 Tully] Cicero

Edw Come, let us break off this dispute between these two — Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College? 41

Miles Not far from Coppersmith's Hall

Edw What, dost thou mock me?

Miles Not I, sir, but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon

Miles Whose men be you?

Erms Marry, scholar, here's our master

Ralph Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows, mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparable? 51

Miles Then here's good game for the hawk, for here's the master-fool, and a covey of coxcombs one wise man, I think, would spring you all

Edw Gog's wounds, Warren, kill him

War Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger

Erms Nor I mine swones, Ned, I think I am bewitched

Miles A company of scabs! the proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can — [*Aside*] See how boldly I speak, now my master is by 62

Edw I strive in vain, but if my sword be shut And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath, Villain, here is my fist [*Strikes him a box on the ear*]

Miles O, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph Ned, strike him, I'll warrant thee by mine honour 70

Bacon What! means the English prince to wrong my man?—

Edw To whom speakest thou?

Bacon To thee

Edw Who art thou?

51 reparable] a common vulgarism for 'apparel' 58 swones] 'swounds, sc God's wounds

Bacon Could you not judge, when all your swords
grew fast,

That Friar Bacon was not far from hence!
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill

80

Thou comest in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar,
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left,
To treat fair Margaret to allow thy loves
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords
The earl both woos and courts her for himself

War Ned, this is strange, the friar knoweth all

Erms Apollo could not utter more than this

Edu I stand amazed to hear this jolly friar

90

Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts —
But learned Bacon, since thou knowest the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War Good friar, help the prince in this

Ralph Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it?—
Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjura-
tion, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by
force

102

Miles In faith, my lord, your manhood and your
sword is all alike, they are so fast conjured that we
shall never see them

Erms What, doctor, in a dump! tush, help the
prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove —

82 Fast-fancied] tied by love (Dickinson) 86 baffle]
make fools of 100-1 conjuration] incantation

Bacon Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?

I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells,
 For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield, 110
 And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
 They'll be betrothed each to other fast
 But come with me, we'll to my study straight,
 And in a glass prospective I will show
 What's done this day in merry Fressingfield

Edw Gramercies, Bacon, I will quite thy pain

Bacon But send your train, my lord, into the town
 My scholar shall go bring them to their inn,
 Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl

Edw Warren, leave me, and Ermsby, take the fool,
 Let him be master and go revel it, 121
 Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile

War We will, my lord

Ralph Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou
 comest, I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots
 in Oxford [Exeunt

Scene III

Bacon and Edward goes into the study

Bacon Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell,
 Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
 And holds this place his consistory court,
 Wherein the devils plead homage to his words
 Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
 This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
 'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl

Edw Friar, thou glad'st me now shall Edward try
 How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord

Bacon Stand there and look directly in the glass 10

114 prospective] looking forward (*sc* into the future)
 116 quite] requite 125 black-pots] wine-jugs
 Heading *study*] inner stage, thence they watch the outer
 stage where Margaret and Friar Bungav enter at line 10

Enter Margaret and Friar Bungay.

What sees my lord?

Edw I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar

Bacon Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye

Mar But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true,
That this fair, courteous, country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

Bun Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life, 20
Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail—
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves,
For he in green, that help you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales

Mar Be what he will, his lure is but for lust
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth, quite him with courtesy

Bun Why, Margaret, dost thou love him? 30

Mar His personage, like the pride of vaunting
Troy,

Might well avouch to shadow Helen's scape
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more,
Suffice to me he is England's paramour

Bun Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing
face

Surnamed thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?

Mar Yes, Bungay, and would God the lovely earl
Had that *in esse*, that so many sought 41

Bun Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love

32 shadow Helen's scape] portray Helen's escapade

Edw I think the friar courts the bonny wench,
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl

Bacon Now look, my lord

Enter Lacy

Edw Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!

Bacon Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy

Bun Here's Lacy, Margaret, step aside awhile

[Retires with Margaret]

Lacy Daphne, the damsel that caught Phoebus
fast, 50

And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl —
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery!—

Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man
Honour bids thee control him in his lust, 60
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass
Lacy, thou lovest, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown
For better die, than see her live disgrac'd

Mar Come, friar, I will shake him from his
dumps — *[Comes forward]*

How cheer you, sir? a penny for your thought
You're early up, pray God it be the near
What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon!

Lacy Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep 71
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston Fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions

Mar A trusty man, that court it for your friend

68 near] nearer, alluding to the proverb 'early up and
never the nearer' (Dickinson)

Woo you still for the courtier all in green?—

[*Aside*] I marvel that he sues not for himself

Lacy Peggy, I pleaded first to get your grace for him,

But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,

Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart,

And there did shrine the Idea^o of yourself 80

Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,

And measure not my riches but my love

Mar You are very hasty, for to garden well,

Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring

Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,

For timely ripe is rotten too too soon

Bun [*coming forward*] *Deus hic*, room for a merry friar!

What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?

'Tis well, but tell me, hear you any news?

Mar No, friar, what news? 90

Bun Hear you not how the pursuivants do post

With proclamations through each country-town?

Lacy For what, gentle friar? tell the news

Bun Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?

Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled

From Windsor court, disguised like a swain,

And lurks about the country here unknown

Henry suspects him of some treachery,

And therefore doth proclaim in every way,

That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have, 100

Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns

Lacy The Earl of Lincoln! friar, thou art mad

It was some other, thou mistakest the man

The Earl of Lincoln! why, it cannot be

Mar Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he,

The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner,

Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gaoler once

Edw How familiar they be, Bacon!

Bacon Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves

Lacy Then am I double prisoner to thyself 110

Peggy, I yield, but are these news in jest?

Mar In jest with you, but earnest unto me,
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart!
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth

Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill

Lacy Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl,
I not deny, but 'tired thus in rags

I lived disguis'd to win fair *Peggy's* love

Mar What love is there where wedding ends not
love? 119

Lacy I meant, fair girl, to make thee *Lacy's* wife

Mar I little think that earls will stoop so low—

Lacy Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?

Mar Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself

A wife in name, but servant in obedience

Lacy The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so
I'll plight the bands and seal it with a kiss

Edw Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab
them—

Bacon O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass

Edw Choler to see the traitors gree so well

Made me think the shadows substances 120

Bacon 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach
between Oxford and Fressingfield, but sit still and see
more

Bun Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match
I'll take my portas forth, and wed you here
Then go to bed and seal up your desires

Lacy Friar, content — *Peggy*, how like you this?

Mar What likes my lord is pleasing unto me 120

Bun Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book —

129 gree] agree 137 portas] portable breviary
(prayer-book)

Bacon What sees my lord now?

Edw Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portas there
To wed them both then am I quite undone.
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd,
Help, Bacon, stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns

Bacon Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For mumbling up his orisons this day 151

Lacy Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar to thy book
[*Bungay is mute, crying 'Hud, hud'*]

Mar How lookest thou, friar, as a man distraught!
Reft of thy senses, Bungay? show by signs
If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee

Lacy He's dumb indeed Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart 160

Mar Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant

Edw Why stands Friar Bungay so amaz'd?

Bacon I have struck him dumb, my lord, and if
your honour please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here

Edw Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me

Lacy Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance

Mar Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress 171

Enter a Devil, and carry off Bungay on his back.

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad

[*Exit with Lacy*]

Edw Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield, 180
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere it be long

Bacon So be it, my lord but let us to our dinner,
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose
[*Exeunt*]

Scene IV

Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement

Mason Now that we are gathered in the Regent
House,

It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, troop'd with all the western kings,
That lie along'st the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain monarch and the Saxon duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests resolved for Oxford town

Burd We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius 10
Vaunted before the Roman Emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates

Clem But more, the king by letters hath foretold
That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts

Mason Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill 20
The German, else there's none in Oxford can

181 quite] requite (*sc* punish)

2 repair] visit

Match and dispute with learned Vandermast

Burd Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him

Clem Indeed, Mas doctor, he displeased you,
In that he brought your hostess, with her spit,
From Henley posting unto Beazen-nose

Burd A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight, 30
To see if he will take this task in hand

Clem Stay, what rumour is this? the town is up in
a mutiny what hurly-burly is this?

*Enter a Constable, with Ralph, Warren, Ermsby,
and Miles*

Cons Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you
shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanour

Burd What's the matter, fellow?

Cons Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that,
drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and
almost kill'd the vintner

Miles *Salve*, Doctor Burden! This lubberly lurdn,
Ill-shap'd and ill-faced, disdain'd and disgraced, 41
What he tells unto *vobis*, *mentitur de vobis*

Burd Who is the master and chief of this crew?

Miles *Ecce asinum mundi, figura rotundi*,
Neat, sheat, and fine, as brisk as a cup of wine

Burd What are you?

Ralph I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the
bell-wether of this company these are my lords, and I
the Prince of Wales

Clem Are you Edward, the king's son? 50

Ralph Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that
drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how
soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done
by no less man than a prince

37 rufflers] rowdies

45 sheat] trim

Mason I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales

War And why so, sir?

Mason For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman

War Why, and thinkest thou, doctor, that he is not so? 60

Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth!

Erms Whose face, shining with many a sugar'd smile,

Bewrays that he is bred of princely race

Miles And yet, master doctor, to speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you what is veriment and true
To cease of this quarrel, look but on his apparel,
Then mark but my talis, he is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis*, and *filius regis* 69

Then 'ware what is done, for he is Henry's white son

Ralph Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not
capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Ed-
ward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make
a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry
away the university with a fair wind to the Bankside
in Southwark —How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall
I not do it?

War Yes, my good lord, and, if it please your lord-
ship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with
the cork make you a pinnace of five hundred ton, that
shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord 81

Erms And I, my lord, will have pioners to under-
mine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be
carried away for your summer walks

Miles And I, with *scientia* and great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm, to keep you from harm,
That *utrum horum mavis*, your very great *navis*,

68 talis Walis] tales Wales (vulgar forms) 70
white] dear 75-6 Bankside in Southwark] where most
of the London theatres stood 79 pantofles] slippers

Like Barclay's ship, from Oxford do skip
 With colleges and schools, full-loaden with fools
Quid dicis ad hoc, worshipful *Domine* Dawcock? '90

Clem Why, hare-brain'd courtiers, are you drunk
 or mad,

To taunt us up with such scurrility?
 Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
 To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?—
 Call out the beadles and convey them hence
 Straight to Bocardo let the roisters lie
 Close clapp'd in bolts, until their wits be tame

Erms Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Ralph What say'st, Miles, shall I honour the prison
 with my presence? 100

Miles No, no out with your blades, and hamper
 these jades,

Have a flirt and a crash, now play revel-dash,
 And teach these sacerdos that the Bocardos,
 Like peasants and elves, are meet for themselves

Mason To the prison with them, constable

War Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
 With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
 Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
 And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
 Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool, 110
 I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
 One of the privy-chamber to the king,
 Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
 Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see

Mason My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you
 were

88 Barclay's ship] *The Ship of Fools* by Sebastian Brant,
 translated into English by Alexander Barclay (1509)
 90 *Domine* Dawcock] master fool, expression borrowed
 from Skelton 94 fop] fool (not, as now, a dandy)
 96 Bocardo] prison in Oxford 102 flirt] blow revel-
 dash] boisterous rush 103 sacerdos] priests (wrongly
 used as a plural)

But courtiers may make greater scapes than these
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

War I will, Master doctor, and satisfy the vintner
for his hurt, only I must desire you to imagine him
all this forenoon the Prince of Wales 120

Mason I will, sir

Ralph And upon that I will lead the way, only I
will have Miles go before me, because I have heard
Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty
[*Exeunt.*]

Act III Scene I

*Enter Prince Edward with his poniard in his hand,
Lacy and Margaret*

Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous
thoughts,

Nor cover, as did Cassius all his wiles,
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lyncaeus from the shores of Graecia
Did I not sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portas forth,
And joining hand in hand had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb, 10
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? is not all this true?

Lacy Truth all, my lord, and thus I make reply
At Harleston Fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men, 20
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield

8 portas] see II iii 137 16 curious shape] rare beauty.

Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales

Edw Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephaestion!

Did I unfold the passions of my love
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts!

Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend and partner of his secret loves!

And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchanted fetters of such private friends! 30

Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be co-rival with a prince in thoughts!

From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep

Mar 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy, stept awry
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,

And still woo'd for the courtier all in green,
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,

Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd, 40
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,

And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks,
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,

My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher out by signs

But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my heart
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind

If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,

Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends 50

Edu I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret

In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topp'd with the lofty firs of Lebanon,

Stemm'd and encas'd with burnish'd ivory,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,

Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves

And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
 To dance lavoltas in the purple streams
 Sirens with harps and silver psalteries, 60
 Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
 And entertain fair Margaret with her lays
 England and England's wealth shall wait on thee,
 Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
 And do due homage to thine excellence,
 If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret

Mar Pardon, my lord if Jove's great royalty
 Sent me such presents as to Danae,
 If Phoebus tired in Latona's webs,
 Came courting from the beauty of his lodge, 70
 The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,—
 Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,—
 Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love

Edw I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this point
 of schools,—

Ablata causa, tollitur effectus

Lacy—the cause that Margaret cannot love,
 Nor fix her liking on the English prince—
 Take him away, and then the effects will fail
 Villain, prepare thyself for I will bathe
 My poniard in the bosom of an earl 80

Lacy Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
 Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
 But stab it home end both my loves and life

Mar Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal
 deeds,
 'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood,
 Love's conquests end, my lord, in courtesy
 Spare Lacy, gentle Edward, let me die,
 For so both you and he do cease your loves

Edw Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord

Lacy I have deserved it, Edward, act it well 90

Mar What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

59 lavoltas] lively dances 62 her] their 69
 ured] attired 88 cease] end

Edw To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret

Mar Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love

Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?

No, stab the earl, and 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens

Lacy If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content, 100
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live

Then, Edward, short my life and end her loves

Mar Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves

Lacy Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many
friends

Mar And if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage

Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcasses, 110
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love

Edw Edward, art thou that famous Prince of
Wales,

Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point,
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?

Is it princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves

So, in subduing fancy's passion, 120
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil —

Lacy, rise up Fair Peggy, here's my hand
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield,
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,

And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife

Lacy Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right, 130
And rich'd me with the Albion diadem

Mar And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?

Edw I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord

Mar Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Caesar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus self, 140
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart

Edw Gramercy, Peggy — now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again Come, we will post
To Oxford, for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elnor
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife
I pray God I like her as I loved thee!
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute 150
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learned Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two

Mar As it please Lord Lacy but love's foolish
looks

Think footsteps miles, and minutes to be hours

Lacy I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return —
But please your honour go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison,
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret wine

Thus can we feast and entertain your grace 160

Edw 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an Emperor,

144 revolt] overturned (Dickinson), or does it mean 'no
longer against your prince's will'?

If he respect the person and the place
Come, let us in, for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell

[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter Henry, Emperor, Castile, Elinor, Vander-
mast, Bungay

Emp Trust me Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art —
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?

Van That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks, 10
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear

Bun I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds nonesuch,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools

Hen Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vander-
mast,
And I will use thee as a royal king

Van Wherein darest thou dispute with me? 20

Bun In what a doctor and a friar can

Van Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast

Bun Let it be this,—Whether the spirits of pyro-
mancy or geomancy, be most predominant in magic?

Van I say, of pyromancy

4 battling] nourishing lade] laden 24-5 pyro-
mancy] divination by fire. 25 geomancy] divination
by earth

Bun And I, of geomancy

Van The cabalists that write of magic spells,
 As²⁹Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,
 Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity 30
 Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
 To be a *punctum* squared to the rest,
 And that the compass of ascending elements
 Exceed in bigness as they do in height,
 Judging the concave circle of the sun
 To hold the rest in his circumference
 If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be great'st,
 Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
 Then must these *daemones* that haunt that place
 Be every way superior to the rest 40

Bun I reason not of elemental shapes,
 Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
 Noting their essence nor their quality,
 But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
 And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends
 I tell thee, German, magic haunts the grounds,
 And those strange necromantic spells
 That work such shows and wondering in the world
 Are acted by those geomantic spirits
 That Hermes calleth *terrae filii* 50
 The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
 That lightly pass as heralds to bear news,
 But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep,
 Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,
 Being more gross and massy in their power

29 Hermes, Melchie] Hermes Trismegistus, Porphyrus
 30-1 quadruplicity] Of elemental essence] the four elements
 of the Universe, *sc* Earth, Water, Air, Fire 32 *punctum*
 point (having position but no dimensions) squared]
 compared 33 ascending] *sc* from the centre of the Uni-
 verse outward, in the order given 35 concave] the
 sun's apparent course during a day, concave as viewed
 from Earth 39 *daemones*] spirits 47 necromantic]
 pertaining to divination by means of the dead

Van Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
 Are dull and like the place where they remain,
 For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
 The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
 Retain'd their local essence as their faults, 60
 All subject under Luna's continent
 They which offended less hung in the fire,
 And second faults did rest within the air,
 But Lucifer and his proud-heated fiends
 Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
 Having less understanding than the rest,
 As having greater sin, and lesser grace
 Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
 For jugglers, witches, and vild sorcerers,
 Whereas the pyromantic genu 70
 Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power
 But grant that geomancy hath most force,
 Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
 Prove by some instance what thy art can do

Bun I will

Emp Now, English Harry, here begins the game,
 We shall see sport between these learned men

Van What wilt thou do?

Bun Show thee the tree leav'd with refined gold,
 Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat, 80
 That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
 Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules

*Here Bungay conjures, and the Tree appears with the
 Dragon shooting fire*

Van Well done!

Hen What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
 Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Van Each scholar in the necromantic spells
 Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd
 But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
 So will I raise him up as when he lived,

69 vild] vile

And cause him pull the dragon from his seat, 90
 And tear the branches piecemeal from the root —
 Hercules! *Prodi, prodi, Hercules!*

Hercules appears in his lion's skin

Her *Quis me vult?*

Van Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,
 Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
 As once thou didst to win the golden fruit

Her *Fiat* [*Here he begins to break the branches*

Van Now, Bungay, if thou canst, by magic,
 charm

The fiend appearing like great Hercules
 From pulling down the branches of the tree, 100
 Then art thou worthy to be counted learned

Bun I cannot

Van Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge —
 Mighty commander of this English isle,
 Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
 Bungay is learned enough to be a friar,
 But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
 Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
 To find a man to match him in his art
 I have given non-plus to the Paduans, 110
 To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
 Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
 Frankfort, Lutrech, and Orleans
 And now must Henry, if he do me right,
 Crown me with laurel, as they all have done

Enter Bacon

Bacon All hail to this royal company,
 That sit to hear and see this strange dispute! —
 Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
 What, hath the German acted more than thou?

Van What art thou that questions thus? 120

Bacon Men call me Bacon

120 questions] questionest

Van Lordly thou lookest, as if that thou wert
learn'd,

Thy countenance, as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows

Hen Now, monarchs, hath the German found his
match

Emp Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain

Van Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon No, unless he were more learn'd than
Vandermast,

For yet, tell me, what hast thou done? 130

Van Rais'd Hercules to rurnate that tree,
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells

Bacon Set Hercules to work

Van Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task,
Pull off the golden branches from the root

Her I dare not, see'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast 140

Her Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast

Hen How now, Vandermast, have you met with
your match?

Van Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail

Emp Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill

Bacon I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast, 151
I come to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose

And, for this German troubles but the place,
 And holds this audience with a long suspense,
 I'll send him to his academy hence —
 Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
 Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
 That he may learn oy travail, 'gainst the spring,
 More secret dooms and aphorisms of art 160
 Vanish the tree, and, thou, away with him!

[Exit the spirit with Vandermast and the Tree]

Emp Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

Bacon To Hapsburg there your highness at return
 Shall find the German in his study safe

Hen Bacon, thou hast honoured England with thy
 skill,

And made fair Oxford famous by thine art

I will be English Henry to thyself,—

But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon With me, my lord, and while I fit my cheer,
 See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you, 170
 Gracious as the morning-star of heaven— *[Exit]*

Enter Edward, Lacy, Warren, Ermsby

Emp Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
 How martial is the figure of his face!
 Yet lovely and beset with amoretts

Hen Ned, where hast thou been?

Edw At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
 If they could scape the teisers or the toil
 But hearing of these lordly potentates
 Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,
 I posted to give entertain to them 180
 Chief to the Almain monarch, next to him,
 And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
 Are welcome as they may be to the English court
 Thus for the men but see, Venus appears

160 dooms] laws.
 entertainment.

169 fit my cheer] prepare my
 174 amoretts] love-kindling looks
 177 teisers] deerhounds

Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape,
 Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
 Rich nature's glory, and her wealth at once!
 Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion,
 Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
 If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself 190

Eln Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
 The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
 I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee now I love,
 And so as in so short a time I may,
 Yet so as time shall never break that 'so'
 And therefore so accept of Elinor

Cast Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
 If love may creep into their wanton eyes —
 And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
 Without suspense, as my adopted son 200

Hen Let me that joy in these consorting greets
 And glory in these honours done to Ned,
 Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
 And rest a true Plantagenet to all

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt

Miles *Salvete, omnes reges*, that govern your *greges*
 In Saxony and Spain, in England and in Almain!
 For all this frolic rabble must I cover the table
 With trenchers, salt, and cloth, and then look for your
 broth

Emp What pleasant fellow is this? 209

Hen 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar

Miles [*aside*] My master hath made me sewer of
 these great lords, and, God knows, I am as serviceable
 at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree 'tis no
 matter, their cheer shall not be great, and therefore
 what skills where the salt stand, before or behind?

[*Exit*

201 consorting greets] fit speeches of welcome 211
 sewer] waiter at table 215 what skills] what does
 it matter

Cast These scholars knows more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king

*Enter Miles with a mess of pottage and broth,
and after him Bacon*

Miles Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried
twopenny chop before in my life?— 220

By your leave, *nobile decus*, for here comes Doctor
Bacon's *pecus*,

Being in his full age to carry a mess of pottage

Bacon Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare,
No riot where philosophy doth reign
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall into their frugal cates

Emp Presumptuous friar! what, scoff'st thou at a
king?

What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasant's fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?— 230

Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long

Hen By Henry's honour, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus

Bacon Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd the
cates

To let thee see how scholars use to feed,
How little meat refines our English wits — 240
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner

Miles Marry, sir, I will
This day shall be a festival-day with me,
For I shall exceed in the highest degree [Exit

Bacon I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,

223 admire] wonder

244 exceed] have holiday fare

So royal and so full of majesty,
 As Bacon will present to Frederick
 The basest waiter that attends thy cups
 Shall be in honours greater than thyself, 250
 And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,
 Fetch'd by carvels from Egypt's richest straits,
 Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
 Shall royalize the table of my king,
 Wines richer than the 'gyptian courtesan
 Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch
 Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feasts
 Candy shall yield the richest of her canes,
 Persia, down her Volga by canoes,
 Send down the secrets of her spicery, 260
 The Afric dates, myrobalans of Spain,
 Conserves, and suckets from Tiberias,
 Cates from Judaea, choicer than the lamp
 That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony,
 Shall beautify the board for Frederick
 And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

Scene III

*Enter two gentlemen, Lambert and Serlsby, with the
 Keeper*

Lam Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
 Whose table spread hath ever venison
 And jacks of wines to welcome passengers,
 Know I am in love with jolly Margaret,
 That overshines our damsels as the moon
 Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night
 In Laxfield here my land and living lies
 I'll make thy daughter jointure of it all,
 So thou consent to give her to my wife,
 And I can spend five hundred marks a year 10
 251 drugs] spices 261 myrobalans] dried plums
 262 suckets] candied fruits 3 jacks] bowls pas-
 sengers] travellers 9 to] to be

Serl I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me,
Laxfield did never see me raise my due
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire

Keep Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
Hath pleased the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question

It joys me that such men of great esteem 20
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice

[Exit

Lam Content, Keeper, send her unto us
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out? 30

Serl I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her
The grave ends and begins a married state

Enter Margaret

Lam Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

Serl I cannot trick up it with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phoebus and his loves 40
But this believe me,—Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all
I cannot flatter, try me, if thou please

Mar Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of
Suffolk's clime

A keeper's daughter is too base in gree
To match with men accounted of such worth
But might I not displease, I would reply— 49

Lam Say, Peggy, naught shall make us discontent

Mar Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like

Serl Let it be me, and trust me, Margaret
The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatteneth all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool 60
As Lemster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnish'd heads,
With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me

Lam Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and
kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields,
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroider'd silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire 70
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife

Mar Content you, gentles, you have proffered
fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault,
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,

47 gree] degree 59 battling] nourishing 61
Lemster] Leominster 63 strouting dugs] swelling
udders paggle] bulge

Which or to whom myself affectionates

Serl Lambert, I tell thee thou art importunate,
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire 80
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret

Lam Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field

Serl I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd —
Margaret, farewell, another time shall serve [*Exit*

Lam I'll follow —Peggy, farewell to thyself,
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love [*Exit*

Mar How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight! 91
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale
Shall I be Helen in my forward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires
Before the term of ten days be expired,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves, 100
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer

Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold

Post Fair, lovely damsel, which way leads this
path?

How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

Mar Your way is ready, and this path is right
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield,
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter may I know the cause? 110

Post Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,—
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,

When brighter beauty is not in the heavens!—
 The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
 And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold
 Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply

Mar The scrolls that Jove sent Danae,
 Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
 Were not more welcome than these lines to me
 Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals, 120
 Lives Lacy well? how fares my lovely lord?

Post Well, if that wealth may make men to live
 well

The letter, and Margaret reads it

The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and
 vanish in a morn, the flies hemerae, fair Peggy, take
 life with the sun, and die with the dew, fancy that
 slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink, and
 too timely loves, have ever the shortest length I
 write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressing-
 field lov'd that which time hath taught me to be but
 mean dainties eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but
 queasy, therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a
 Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to
 the Princess Elinor, a lady fair, and no less fair than
 thyself, honourable and wealthy In that I forsake
 thee, I leave thee to thine own liking, and for thy
 dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds, and ever
 assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and
 thine much Farewell

Not thine, nor his own,
 Edward Lacy

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates, 141
 That wraps proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
 Did'st thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
 As lightned mischief from their infancy?
 If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
 To show on me their froward influence,

127 timely] early (or 'sudden'?)

If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all
 Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind

Post It grieves me, damsel, but the earl is forc'd
 To love the lady by the king's command 150

Mar The wealth combin'd within the English
 shelves,
 Europe's commander, nor the English king,
 Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her
 lord

Post What answer shall I return to my lord?

Mar First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I
 lov'd,—

Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!—
 Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent,
 For Margaret's resolution craves no dower
 The world shall be to her as vanity,
 Wealth, trash, love, hate, pleasure, despair 160
 For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
 And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
 And yield my loves and liberty to God
 Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
 For those be hateful unto Margaret,
 But for th'art Lacy's man, once Margaret's love

Post What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
 I'll make report of them unto the earl [Exit Post

Mar Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
 And prays that his misfortune may be hers [Exit

Act IV. Scene I.

*Enter Friar Bacon, drawing the curtains, with a white stick,
 a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him, and the
 Brazen Head, and Miles, with weapons by him*

Bacon Miles, where are you?

Miles Here, sir

Bacon How chance you tarry so long?

Miles Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch

Bacon Miles, thou knowest that I have dived into hell,

And sought the darkest palaces of fiends,
That with my magic spells great Belcephon 10
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms, 20
And girt fair England with a wall of brass
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head,
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist, 30
This night thou watch, for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me, for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!

he began to make the Brazen Head You shall lie
 while your arse ache, an your Head speak no better
 Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be
 a peripatetic and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp
 [*A great noise*] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols
 in hand, Miles

*Here the Head speaks and a lightning flasheth forth,
 and a hand appears that breaketh down the Head with
 a hammer*

Head Time is past 79

Miles Master, master, up, hell's broken loose!
 your Head speaks, and there's such a thunder and
 lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms!
 Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand,
 the latter day is come

Bacon Miles, I come O passing warily watch'd!
 Bacon will make thee next himself in love
 When spake the head?

Miles When spake the head! did not you say that
 he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why,
 sir, it speaks but two words at a time 90

Bacon Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice but in all
 those three times it hath uttered but seven words

Bacon As how?

Miles Marry, sir, the first time he said, 'Time is,'
 as if Fabius Cumentator should have pronounc'd a
 sentence, he said 'Time was', and the third time with
 thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said,
 'Time is past'

Bacon 'Tis past indeed Ah, villain! time is past
 My life, my fame, my glory, all are past — 101
 Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
 Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust
 Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,

watch'd, and would not when the Head did will —
said the Head first?

Miles Even, sir, 'Time is'

Bacon Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon then,
thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,

Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms, 110

England had been circled round with brass
proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,

Demogorgon, master of the fates,

Grudge that a mortal man should work so much

Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,

Friends frown'd to see a man their over-match,

Bacon might boast more than a man might boast

But now the braves of Bacon have an end,

Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,

His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end 120

And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,

I will appoint thee to some fatal end

Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight!

Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,

And perish as a vagabond on earth

Miles Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee 128

Miles 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old
proverb—'The more the fox is curst the better he

fares' God be with you, sir, I'll take but a book in my
hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned

cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion

[*Exit*

Bacon Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary
steps, 134

Until they do transport thee quick to hell,

For Bacon shall have never merry day,

To lose the fame and honour of his Head [*Exit*

119 conceit] esteem
and (b) coursed

130 curst] pun on (a) cursed

Scene II

*Enter Emperor, Castile, Henry, Elinor, Edward, Lady,
Ralph*

Emp Now, lovely prince, the prime of Albion's
wealth,

How fares the Lady Elinor and you?

What, have you courted and found Castile fit

To answer England in equivalence?

Will 't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

Edw Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,

And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks,

Or Phoebus scape those piercing amoretts,

That Daphne glanced at his deity?

Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze, 10

Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?

Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree

Hen What, madam, hath my son found grace or
no?

Elin Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,

And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,

I came not, troop'd with all this warlike train,

Doubting of love, but so affectionate,

As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain

Cast A match, my lord, these wantons needs must
love

Men must have wives, and women will be wed 20

Let's haste the day to honour up the rites

Ralph Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

Hen Ay, Ralph, how then?

Ralph Marry, Harry, follow my counsel send for

Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and

her with his necromancy, that they shall love together

like pig and lamb whilst they live

Cast But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to
have Elinor to thy lady?

4 equivalence] equal value	8 amoretts] love-kindling
looks	12 gree] agree
	29 to thy lady] for, &c

Ralph Ay, so she will promise me two things 30

Cast What's that, Ralph?

Ralph That she will never scold with Ned, nor
with me — Sirrah Harry, I have put her down
with a thing impossible

Hen What's that, Ralph?

Ralph Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a
woman could both hold her tongue and her hands?
No! but when egg-pies grows on apple-trees, then will
thy grey mare prove a bag-piper

Emp What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of
Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

Cast I stand, my lord, amazed at his talk, 42
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield

Hen 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear,
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was
Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles

Cast What says Lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?

Lacy Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live — 51
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue

Hen Lacy, go to the querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elnor, 60
One day shall match your excellence and her

Elnor We Castile ladies are not very coy,
Your highness may command a greater boon
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day

Edw Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to myself in love

Ralph You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe
him you, though he swears he loves you

Elin Why, Ralph? 70

Ralph Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass
that is broken with every touch, for he loved the fair
maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho—Nay, Ned,
never wink upon me I care not, I

Hen Ralph tells all, you shall have a good secre-
tary of him—

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield,
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand

Lacy I go, my lord [Exit Lacy
Emp How shall we pass this day, my lord? 80

Hen To horse, my lord, the day is passing fair
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer
Follow, my lords, you shall not want for sport

[Exeunt

Scene III

Enter Friar Bacon, with Friar Bungay, in his cell

Bun What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell,
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace

Bun Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles, 10
As this cannot infringe what he deserves

Bacon Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous

Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep
 But what and wherein little can I guess
 My mind is heavy, whatso'er shall hap

*Enter two Scholars, sons to Lambert and Serlsby,
 Knock*

Who's that knocks?

Bun Two scholars that desires to speak with you

Bacon Bid them come in — Now, my youths, what
 would you have? 20

1st Schol Sir, we are Suffolkmen and neighbouring
 friends

Our fathers in their countries lusty squires,
 Their lands adjoin in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
 And his in Laxfield We are college-mates,
 Sworn brothers, as our fathers lives as friends

Bacon To what end is all this?

2nd Schol Hearing your worship kept within your
 cell

A glass prospective, wherein men might see
 Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
 We come to know how that our fathers fare 30

Bacon My glass is free for every honest man
 Sit down, and you shall see ere long,
 How or in what state your friendly fathers lives
 Meanwhile, tell me your names

1st Schol Mine Lambert

2nd Schol And mine Serlsby

Bacon Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy

Enter Lambert and Serlsby, with rapiers and daggers

Lam Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man
 Th'art worthy of the title of a squire,
 That durst, for proof of thy affection 40
 And for thy mistress' favour, prize thy blood
 Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,

14 tide] betide 37 s d *Enter Lambert &c*] as before
 (11 in 10) on the outer stage 41 prize] venture

Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook
 Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
 Prepare thee, Serlsby, one of us will die

Serl Thou seest I single thee the field,
 And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword
 Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out
 And if thou kill me, think I have a son,
 That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates Hall, 50
 Who will revenge his father's blood with blood

Lam And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
 That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
 And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine
 But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout

Bacon Now, lusty youngers, look within the glass,
 And tell me if you can discern your sires

1st Schol Serlsby, 'tis hard, thy father offers wrong
 To combat with my father in the field

2nd Schol Lambert, thou liest, my father's is the
 abuse, 60

And thou shalt find it, if my father harm

Bun How goes it, sirs?

1st Schol Our fathers are in combat hard by Fies-
 singfield

Bacon Sit still, my friends, and see the event

Lam Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? doubt'st thou of
 thy life?

A veney, man! fair Margaret craves so much

Serl Then this for her

1st Schol Ah, well thrust!

2nd Schol But mark the ward

Lam O, I am slain! [They fight and kill each other

Serl And I,—Lord have mercy on me! 70

46 single thee the field] take thee apart to fight, it has
 been proposed to read 'single meet thee in the field', which
 improves the sense slightly and the metre greatly but is
 rather violent 50 Broadgates Hall] now part of Pem-
 broke College 66 veney] bout

1st Schol My father slain!—Serlsby, ward that!

2nd Schol And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll quite thee well

[*The two Scholars stab one other*

Bun O strange stratagem!

Bacon See, friar, where the fathers doth lie dead!—

Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre

This glass prospective worketh many woes,

And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,

These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,

End all thy magic and thine art at once

80

The poniard that did end their fatal lives,

Shall break the cause efficient of their woes

So fade the glass, and end with it the shows

That necromancy did infuse the crystal with

[*He breaks the glass*

Bun What means learned Bacon thus to break his glass?

Bacon I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore

That ever Bacon meddled in this art

The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,

The fearful tossing in the latest night

Of papers full of necromantic charms,

90

Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,

With stole and alb and strange pentageron,

The wresting of the holy name of God,

As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,

Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,

With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,

Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd,

For using devils to countervail his God —

Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair

Sins have their salves, repentance can do much

100

Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,

And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,

Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,

From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,

To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
 And make thee as a new-born babe from sin —
 Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
 In pure devotion, praying to my God
 That he would save what Bacon vainly lost [Exeunt

Act V Scene I

*Enter Margaret in nun's apparel, Keeper, her father and
 their Friend*

Keeper Margaret, be not so headstrong in these
 vows

O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
 That England hath held famous for the hue!
 Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
 That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
 Shall fall before the dated time of death,
 Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret

Mar Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
 Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
 The vain illusions of this flattering world 10
 Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
 I loved once—Lord Lacy was my love—
 And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
 And doted more on him than on my God
 For this I scourge myself with sharp repents
 But now the touch of such aspiring sins
 Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens,
 That beauty us'd for love is vanity
 The world contains naught but alluring baits,
 Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts 20
 To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
 And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
 To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
 Holy and pure in conscience and in deed,

13 for that] because

for to wish all maids to learn of me
 seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity

Friend And will you then, Margaret, be shorn a
 nun, and so leave us all?

Mar Now farewell, world, the engine of all woe!
 arewell to friends and father! welcome Christ! 30
 dieu to dainty robes! this base attire

befits an humble mind to God
 Than all the show of rich habiliments
 Farewell, O love, and, with fond love, farewell
 Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear!
 Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
 Lest I offend, to think on Lacy's love
 But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter Lacy, Warren and Ermsby, booted and spurred

Lacy Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's
 lodge

Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads, 40
 And chatted with my lovely Margaret

War Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy 'Tis the same

Erms The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to
 him! A nun, my lord

Lacy Keeper, how farest thou? holla, man, what
 cheer?

How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peg!
 See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
 Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham 50
 She leaves the world because she left your love
 O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy Why, how now, Margaret! what, a mal-
 content?

A nun? what holy father taught you this,
 To task yourself to such a tedious life

As die a maid? 'twere injury to me

To smother up such beauty in a cell

Mar Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former miss,
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent
In love—O, fie upon that fond conceit, 60
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!—
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him

Lacy Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with couisers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding robes are in the tailor's hands
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows 70

Mar Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?

Lacy 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?

Mar Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?

Lacy Why then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?

Mar Margaret hath made a vow which may not be
revok'd

War We cannot stay, my lord, an if she be so
strict,

Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh 80

Erms Choose you, fair damsel,—yet the choice is
yours,—

Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy which contents you best,
To be a nun, or else Lord Lacy's wife?

Lacy A good motion —Peggy, your answer must be
short

Mar The flesh is frail, my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his enchanting face,

Whatsoe'er betide I cannot say him nay
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham, 90
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord

Lacy Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee —
How say'st thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?

Keeper As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me 100

Erms I pray thee, my lord of Sussex, why art thou
in a brown study?

War To see the nature of women, that be they
never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's
arms

Lacy What have you fit for breakfast? We have
hied

And posted all this night to Fressingfield

Mar Butter and cheese, and umbles of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge

Lacy And not a bottle of wine? 110

Mar We'll find one for my lord

Lacy Come, Sussex, let's in we shall have more,
for she speaks least, to hold her promise sure

[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter a Devil to seek Miles

Dev How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenched Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scur the earth in post

108 umbles] liver, kidneys, &c, the Keeper's perquis-
sites

Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head
See where he comes O, he is mine!

10

Enter Miles with a gown and a corner-cap

Miles A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar, for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce, another saith, my head is full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me—Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him—What, Master Plutus, how cheer you?

Dev Dost thou know me?

20

Miles Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Dev Yes, marry, am I

Miles Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute—I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see mark you, masters, here's a plain, honest man, without welt or guard—But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

32

Dev Av, marry, how then?

Miles Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see have you not good tippling-houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair of

31 welt or guard] ornament or facing, a reference to
one of the many sumptuary laws regulating the dress of
different ranks of society 36 pair] pack

cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Dev All this you may have there 40

Miles You are for me, friend, and I am for you
But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev Yes, a thousand what would'st thou be?

Miles By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there, I would be a tapster

Dev Thou shalt

Miles There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse 51

Dev Thou shalt ride on my back

Miles Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself—But I pray you, Goodman friend, let me move a question to you

Dev What's that?

Miles I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev An amble 60

Miles 'Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it

Dev What dost?

Miles Marry, friend, I put on my spurs, for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop, I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs

Dev Get up upon my back

Miles O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back! 70

[*Exeunt roaring*]

49 lets] deters
be 'fiend'

55 friend] perhaps the word should

Scene III

Enter the Emperor with a pointless sword, next the King of Castile carrying a sword with a point, Lacy carrying the globe, Edward, Warren carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it, Ermsby with a crown and sceptre, the Queen with the fair maid of Fressingfield on her left hand, Henry, Bacon with other Lords attending

Edw Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor

Hen Gramercies, lordings, old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceived joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done 10
To Elinor, may quite his favourites
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth

Mar 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the court, 20
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men

Elin Thou martial man that wears the Almain
crown,

Heading [pointless sword] emblem of Mercy. sword
with a point] emblem of Justice globe] emblem of
Sovereignty rod of gold] emblem of Equity 11
quite] requite

And you the western potentates of might,
 The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
 Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
 Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
 Attends on Elinor,—gramercies, lord, for her,— 30
 'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
 And rest for her due-bounden to yourselves

Hen Seeing the marriage is solemnized,
 Let's march in triumph to the royal feast —
 But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

Bacon Repentant for the follies of my youth,
 That magic's secret mysteries misled,
 And joyful that this royal marriage
 Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm

Hen Why, Bacon, what strange event shall happen
 to this land? 40

Or what shall grow from Edward and his Queen?

Bacon I find by deep prescience of mine art,
 Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
 That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
 From forth the royal garden of a king
 Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
 Whose brightness shall deface proud Phoebus' flower,
 And overshadow Albion with her leaves
 Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
 But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease 50
 The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
 Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,
 With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
 The strand that gladdened wandering Brute to see,
 And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves,
 That, gorgeous, beautifies this matchless flower
 Apollo's Heli-tropian then shall stoop,
 And Venus' hyacinth shall veil her top,
 Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,

44 Brute] the mythical Trojan founder of Britain
 Troynovant] New Troy, *sc* London 46 bud] *sc* Queen
 Elizabeth 57 Heli-tropian] heliotrope

And Pallas' bay shall bash her brightest green, 60
 Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,
 Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

Hen This prophecy is mystical —
 But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
 That make fair England like that wealthy isle
 Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,
 In royalizing Henry's Albion
 With presence of your princely mightiness,
 Let's march the tables all are spread,
 And viands such as England's wealth affords 70
 Are ready set to furnish out the boards
 You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
 It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
 Only your hearts be frolic, for the time
 Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance
 Thus glories England over all the west

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Funs Friar Bacon, made by Robert Greene,
 Master of Arts*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci

60 bash] be ashamed of *Omne tulit punctum &c*]
 Horace, *Ars Poetica*, line 343, adopted by Greene as his
 motto 'He gains the applause of all who combines what is
 useful with what is pleasing'

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER (1572-1632)

The Sheemakers' Holiday

Acted perhaps not long before 1600, printed in
1600

[*Dramatic Works*, ed R H Shepherd (Pearson's Reprints), 4 vols , 1873, and *Non-Dramatic Works*, ed A B Grosart, 5 vols , 1884-6 (including a play omitted by Shepherd), are scarce, costly, and unreliable. Some of the non-dramatic works are collected in *The Plague Pamphlets of Thomas Dekker*, ed F P Wilson, Oxford, 1925, and the Cambridge University Press has announced that it has in preparation the *Dramatic Works*, ed W P Barrett (to whom the present editor is indebted for the loan of rotographs)]

THE
SHOMAKERS
Holiday.
OR

The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Ma-
iestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right
honourable the Earle of Noungham, Lord high Ad-
mirall of England, his seruants



Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of Adling
hill, neere Baiyards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.

1 6 0 0.

To all good Fellows, Professors of
the Gentle Craft, of what degree
 soever.

KIND Gentlemen, and honest boon companions, I present you here with a merry conceited comedy called *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admiral's Players this present Christmas before the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, for the mirth and pleasant matter by her Highness graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensive The Argument of the play I will set down in this Epistle Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had a young gentleman of his own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor's daughter of London, to prevent and cross which love the Earl caused his kinsman to be sent Colonel of a Company into France, who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch shoemaker to the house of Simon Eyre in Tower Street, who served the Mayor and his household with shoes The merriments that passed in Eyre's house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy's getting his love, and other accidents, with two merry Three-men's songs—take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you

23

Farewell

Heading	<i>Gentle Craft</i>]	shoemakers	2 conceited]
spirited	11 cross]	thwart	19 accidents]
20 good worth]	good part		incidents

The first Three-man's

Song

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say
'Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen'

'Now the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's
tale,

Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier

'But O, I spy the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth come away, my joy, 10
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy'

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say
'Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen'

The second Three-man's

Song

This is to be sung at the latter end

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily

2nd Song 2 Saint Hugh] patron saint of shoemakers
5 Trowl] pass round

Down a down, hey down a down,

[*Close with the tenor boy*

Hey derry derry, down a down!

10

Ho, well done, to me let come!

Ring compass, gentle joy

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,

And here, kind, &c as often as there be men
to drink

At last when all have drunk, this verse

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,

Saint Hugh be our good speed

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,

Nor helps good hearts in need

12 Ring compass] produce the full range of notes

The Prologue as it was pronounced
before the Queen's
Majesty¹

As wretches in a storm (expecting day),
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
Make prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes,
So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and fear
To sink into the bottom of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike
Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such,
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears
(Locking the temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues
Oh grant, bright mirror of true chastity,
From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile for your celestial breath
Must send us life, or sentence us to death

10

¹ expecting] awaiting

Dramatis Personae

THE KING

THE EARL OF CORNWALL

SIR HUGH LACY, *Earl of Lincoln*

ROWLAND LACY, *otherwise Hans,* } *his Nephews*

ASKEW,

SIR ROGER OTELEY, *Lord Mayor of London*

MASTER HAMMON,

MASTER WARNER, } *Citizens of London*

MASTER SCOTT,

SIMON EYRE, *the Shoemaker*

ROGER, *commonly called HODGE,* }

FIRK, } *Eyre's Journeymen*

RALPH,

LOVELL, *a courtier*

DODGER, *Servant to the Earl of Lincoln*

A Dutch Skipper

A Boy

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, Servants

ROSE, *Daughter of Sir Roger*

SYBIL, *her maid*

MARGERY, *Wife of Simon Eyre*

JANE, *Wife of Ralph*

A pleasant Comedy of
the Gentle Craft

Act I Scene I

Enter Lord Mayor and Lincoln.

Lincoln My lord mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself and many courtiers more
Seldom or never can we be so kind
To make requital of your courtesy
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
Is much affected to your daughter Rose

Lord Mayor True, my good lord, and she loves him
so well

That I mislike her boldness in the chase

Lincoln Why, my lord mayor, think you it then a
shame,

To join a Lacy with an Oteley's name? 10

Lord Mayor Too mean is my poor girl for his high
birth,

Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
More in one year than I am worth, by far
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girl.

Lincoln Take heed, my lord, advise you what you
do!

A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Than is my cousin, for I'll tell you what
'Tis now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience, 20
I furnish'd him with coin, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him but to see the end

3 kind] courteous 6 affected to] attracted by. 15
doubt] fear 24 respect] treat

176 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT I

Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,
 But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
 His bills embezzl'd, and my jolly coz,
 Asham'd to show his bankrupt presence here,
 Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg,
 A goodly science for 'a gentleman 30
 Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this
 Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
 He did consume me more in one half year,
 And, make him heir to all the wealth you have,
 One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all
 Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
 To wed your daughter to

Lord Mayor I thank your lordship —
 [*Aside*] Well, fox, I understand your subtilty —
 As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
 But watch his actions, and you need not fear, 40
 For I have sent my daughter far enough
 And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
 Now he hath learn'd an occupation,
 And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law

Lincoln Ay, but I have a better trade for him
 I thank his grace, he hath appointed him
 Chief colonel of all those companies
 Mustered in London and the shires about,
 To serve his highness in those wars of France
 See where he comes!—Lovell, what news with you?

Enter Lovell, Lacy, and Askew

Lovell My Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' will,
 That presently your cousin ship for France 52
 With all his powers, he would not for a million,
 But they should land at Dieppe within four days

Lincoln Go certify his grace it shall be done
 [*Exit Lovell*]

26 cast off] dismissed	27 embezzl'd] misappro-
priated (<i>sc</i> squandered)	53 powers] forces
certify] assure	55

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 177

Now, Cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies?

Lacy All well prepar'd
The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex, 60
All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour

Lord Mayor They have their imprest, coats, and
furniture,

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay,
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my lord your uncle here

Lacy I thank your honour

Lincoln Thanks, my good lord mayor

Lord Mayor At the Guildhall we will expect your
coming [Exit.]

Lincoln To approve your loves to me? No subtlety!
Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow 72

For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose
But, cousins both, now here are none but friends,
I would not have you cast an amorous eye
Upon so mean a project as the love

Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen
I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine

I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, 80
What honourable fortunes wait on thee
Increase the king's love, which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes I have no heir but thee,—
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
Thou start from the true bias of my love

63 imprest] advance pay (the 'Queen's Shilling')
furniture] equipment 67 approve] prove, show
70 expect] await 80 coz] cousin 85 start] break
away bias of my love] course my love for you dictates

178 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT I

Lacy My lord, I will (for honour, not desire
Of land or livings, or to be your heir)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall add glory to the Lacys' name

Lincoln Cez, for those words here 's thirty Portugues,
And, nephew Askew, there 's a few for you 91
Fair Honour in her loftiest eminence

Stays in France for you, till you fetch her thence
Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs
Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall,
There presently I'll meet you Do not stay

Where honour beckons, shame attends delay [*Exit*

Askew How gladly would your uncle have you gone!

Lacy True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies
I have some serious business for three days, 100

Which nothing but my presence can dispatch
You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
Shall haste to Dover, there I'll meet with you:
Or, if I stay past my prefixed time,

Away for France, we'll meet in Normandy
The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me

You shall receive, and these ten Portugues,
Part of mine uncle's thirty Gentle coz,
Have care to our great charge, I know your wisdom
Hath tried itself in higher consequence 110

Askew Coz, all myself am yours yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secrecy,
Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,
Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace

Lacy Stay, cousin, who be these?

Enter Simon Eyre, Margery his wife, Hodge, Firk,
Jane, and Ralph with a piece

Eyre Leave whining, leave whining! Away with

88 France] perhaps read 'fame' 90 Portugues] gold
coins worth from £3 5 0 to £4 10 0 116 s d piece] sc
of work, here a pair of shoes (see I 1 246)

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 179

this whimpering, this puling, these blubbering tears,
and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharged,
I warrant thee, sweet Jane, go to!¹²⁰

Hodge Master, here be the captains

Eyre Peace, Hodge, husht, ye knave, husht!

Firk Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master

Eyre Peace, Firk, peace, my fine Firk! Stand by
with your pishery-pashery, away! I am a man of the
best presence, I'll speak to them, an they were Popes
—Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave
men, brave leaders, may it please you to give me
audience I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of
Tower Street, this wench with the mealy mouth that
will never tire is my wife, I can tell you, here's Hodge,
my man and my foreman, here's Firk, my fine firk
journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane All we come
to be suitors for this honest Ralph Keep him at home,
and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the
Gentle Craft, buy spurs yourself, and I'll find ye boots
these seven years

Margery Seven years, husband?

Eyre Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do
Peace!¹⁴⁰

Firk Truly, master cormorant, you shall do God
good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together
She's a young new-married woman, if you take her
husband away from her a night, you undo her, she
may beg in the daytime, for he's as good a workman
at a prick and an awl, as any is in our trade

Jane O let him stay, else I shall be undone

Firk Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a
pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use

Lacy Truly, my friends, it lies not in my power
The Londoners are press'd, paid, and set forth¹⁵¹
By the lord mayor, I cannot change a man

120 go to] come, come! 132 firk] frisking 149
occupied] claimed, possessed (sc by Ralph as his wife)
151 set forth] equipped

180 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT I

Hodge Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage

Eyre Well said, melancholy Hodge, gramercy, my fine foreman 159

Margery Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is new-married, but let that pass I pray, deal not roughly with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly entered, but let that pass

Eyre Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols! Peace, midriff, silence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak

Firk Yea, and the horns too, master 169

Eyre Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels!—See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go, he's a proper shot, let him vanish! Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish Take him, brave men, Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round table—by the Lord of Ludgate—ne'er fed such a tall, such a dapper swordman, by the life of Pharaoh, a brave, resolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves 180

Firk See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge Ralph, th'art a gull, by this hand, an thou goest not

Askew I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap To meet so resolute a soldier

Trust me, for your report and love to him,
A common slight regard shall not respect him

175 hackney] common drudge

177 tall] brave

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 181

Lacy Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph Yes, sir

Lacy Give me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman 190

Woman, be patient, God, no doubt, will send

Thy husband safe again, but he must go,

His country's quarrel says it shall be so

Hodge Th'art a gull, by my surrup, if thou dost not

go I will not have thee strike thy gumlet into these

weak vessels, prick thine enemies, Ralph

Enter Dodger

Dodger My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill

Stays with the lord mayor and the aldermen,

And doth request you with all speed you may,

To hasten thither

Aslew Cousin, let's go 200

Lacy Dodger, run you before, tell them we come —

[*Exit Dodger*]

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,

The arrant'st varlet that e'er breath'd on earth,

He sets more discord in a noble house

By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,

Than can be salv'd again in twenty years,

And he, I fear, shall go with us to France,

To pry into our actions

Aslew Therefore, coz,

It shall behoove you to be circumspect

Lacy Fear not, good cousin — Ralph, hie to your

colours 210

Ralph I must, because there's no remedy,

But, gentle master and my loving dame,

As you have always been a friend to me,

So in my absence think upon my wife

Jane Alas, my Ralph

Margery She cannot speak for weeping

205 pickthank] told to curry favour

182 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT I

Eyre Peace, you crack'd groats, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave soldier Go thy ways, Ralph!

Jane Ay, ay, you bid him go, what shall I do when he is gone? 220

Firk Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge, be not idle

Eyre Let me see thy hand, Jane This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work, work, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean, work for your living, with a pox to you — Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel, crack me the crowns of the French knaves, a pox on them, crack them, fight, by the Lord of Ludgate, fight, my fine boy!

Firk Here, Ralph, here's three twopences two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry For my sake, firk the *Basa mon cues* 237

Hodge Ralph, I am heavy at parting, but here's a shilling for thee God send thee to cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets

Ralph I thank you, master, and I thank you all Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane, Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts, Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels

Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge, Stitch'd by my fellow Firk, seam'd by myself, Made up and pink'd with letters for thy name

216-17 mustard tokens] contemptuous expression, apparently coupons given to buyers of mustard 236 firk]
trounce *Basa mon cues*] kiss-my-tails (*sc* the French)
239 slops] trouser (-pockets) 248 pink'd] punched

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 183

Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,
And every morning, when thou pull'st them on, 20
Remember me, and pray for my return
Make much of them, for I have made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo

*Sound drum Enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln, Lacy, Askew,
Dodger, and Soldiers They pass over the stage, Ralph falls
in amongst them, Firk and the rest cry 'Farewell', &c, and
so exeunt*

Act II Scene I

Enter Rose, alone, making a garland

Rose Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank,
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds,
The fair embroidery of his coronet,
Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth
O my most unkind father! O my stars,
Why lower'd you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robb'd of my love? 10
Here as a thief am I imprisoned
(For my dear Lacy's sake) within those walls,
Which by my father's cost were builded up
For better purposes, here must I languish

Enter Sybil

For him that doth as much lament, I know,
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe
Sybil Good morrow, young mistress I am sure
you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady
of the Harvest

3-4] in the language of flowers pinks = boldness, roses
= love, violets = faithfulness, gilliflowers = bonds of affec-
tion, mangolds = grief

184 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT II

Rose Sybil, what news at London?

20

Sybil None but good, my lord mayor your father, and master Philpot your uncle, and Master Scot your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations

Rose Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil O yes, out of cry By my troth, I scant knew him, here 'a wore a scarf, and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters,—O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford house, here in Master Bellymount's chamber I stood at our door in Cornhill, look'd at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word marry gup, thought I, with a wanion! He pass'd by me as proud—Marry foh! are you grown humorous, thought I, and so shut the door, and in I came

Rose O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong!
My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb,
No dove was ever half so mild as he

40

Sybil Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamp'd crabs He look'd upon me as sour as verjuice Go thy ways, thought I, thou may'st be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my nether-stocks This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you, he thinks scorn to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, I'd cry Go by, Jeronimo, go by!

27 out of cry] beyond measure 34 gup] meaningless
expression of remonstrance 35 wanion] vengeance
36 humorous] cantankerous 41 stamp'd crabs]
crushed crab-apples 43-4 gaskins nether-stocks]
breeches stockings, the purport is obscure 44 fault]
misfortune 47 Go by, &c.] Cf T Kyd, *The Spanish*
Tragedy, III xii 31, 'Hieronimo beware, go by, go by'
This most popular of Elizabethan plays was constantly
ridiculed by later writers, and the present phrase had
become a catchword (much as 'Something is rotten in the
state of Denmark' is to-day)

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 185

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets,
And the hare's foot against the goose giblets,
For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, 50
Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake

Rose Will my love leave me then, and go to France?

Sybil I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk
before the soldiers By my troth he is a proper man,
but he is proper that proper doth Let him go snick
up, young mistress

Rose Get thee to London, and learn perfectly,
Whether my Lacy go to France, or no
Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains
My cambric apron and my Romish gloves, 60
My purple stockings and a stomacher
Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake?

Sybil Will I, quoth a? At whose suit? By my troth
yes, I'll go A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple
stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mis-
tress, for you, I'll take anything that comes a God's
name O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at
'up tails all' I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be
here in a trice, young mistress [Exit

Rose Do so, good Sybil Meantime wretched I
Will sit and sigh for his lost company. [Exit

Scene II

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shoemaker

Lacy How many shapes have gods and kings devis'd,

48 driblets] small debts, presumably she speaks in one
case of debts she owes and in the other of debts owed to her
49 the hare's foot &c] H G Bonn, *A Hand-book of Pro-*
verbs (1855), p. 165, has 'Set the hare's head against the
goose giblets, i.e. Balance things, set one against another'
54 proper] handsome 55-6 go snick up] go and be
hanged 68 up tails all] the name of a lively popular
tune Heading Rowland Lacy *Shoemaker*] called
Hans, which name the Quartos intermittently use in stage
directions and speech prefixes instead of his own

Thereby to compass their desired loves!
 It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then,
 To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
 That, thus disguis'd, I may unknown possess
 The only happy presence of my Rose
 For her have I forsook my charge in France,
 Incurr'd the king's displeasure, and stirr'd up
 Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast
 O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change 10
 High birth to baseness, and a nobler mind
 To the mean semblance of a shoemaker!
 But thus it must be, for her cruel father,
 Hating the single union of our souls,
 Hath secretly convey'd my Rose from London,
 To bar me of her presence, but I trust,
 Fortune and this disguise will further me
 Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight
 Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker
 Mean I a while to work, I know the trade, 20
 I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg
 Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismay'd,
 Thou canst not want, do Fortune what she can,
 The Gentle Craft is living for a man [Exit

Scene III

Enter Eyre, making himself ready

Eyre Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs,
 these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brews of
 my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet
 will not rise to see my walks cleansed Come out, you
 powder-beef-queans! What, Nan! what, Madge
 Mumble-crust! Come out, you fat midriff-swag-belly-
 whores, and sweep me these kennels, that the noisome
 stench offend not the nose of my neighbours What,
 Firk, I say, what, Hodge! Open my shop-windows!
 What, Firk, I say! 10

2 brews] broth

7 kennels] gutters

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 187

Enter Firk

Firk O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early, have you drunk this morning that your throat is so clear?

Eyre Ah, well said, Firk, well said, Firk To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest

Firk Let them wash my face that will eat it Good master, send for a souse-wife, if you'll have my face cleaner

20

Enter Hodge

Eyre Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel!—Good-morrow, Hodge, good-morrow, my fine foreman

Hodge O master, good-morrow, y' are an early stirrer Here's a fair morning—Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour Here's a brave day towards

Eyre Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work

Firk Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather, let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray for brave days We work in a dry shop, what care I if it rain?

33

Enter Margery

Eyre How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs your maids

Margery See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough for any woman to be seen abroad I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon! Gods me, 'tis not noon,—here's a yawling!

Eyre Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely

11 bandog] fierce dog (the phrase meaning 'who growl and rave')
19 souse-wife] woman who pickled pigs' faces
38 marvel] wonder

Bumtrinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep Call the quean up, if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup 43

Firk Yet, that's but a dry beating, here's still a sign of drought

Enter Lacy singing

Lacy Der was een bore van Gelderland,
Frolick sie byen,
He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,
Upsolce sie byen
Tap eens de canneken, 50
Drincke, schone mannekin

Firk Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones, I'll forfeit my bones, he's some uplandish workman, hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble, 'twill make us work the faster

Eyre Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enow Peace, my fine Firk!

Margery Nay, nay, y'are best follow your man's counsel, you shall see what will come on't we have not men enow, but we must entertain every butter-box, but let that pass 63

Hodge Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef He shall be glad of men, and he can catch them

Firk Ay, that he shall

43 in] with

46-51] There was a peasant from Gelderland

Frolic they be,

He was so drunk he could not stand,

Tipsy they be

Tap once [or Draw us ?] a cannikin,

Drink, pretty mannikin,

53 Saint Hugh's bones] shoemakers' tools 54
uplandish] foreign 62-3 butter-box] Dutchman. 65, 67
shall] should

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 189

Hodge 'Fore God, a proper man, and, I warrant, a fine workman Master, farewell, dame, adieu, if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you [Offer to go

Eyre Stay, my fine Hodge 72

Firk Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman, if Roger remove, Firk follows If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play Fare ye well, master, good-bye, dame

Eyre Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk!—Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life Peace, you gallimaufry!—Hodge, if he want work, I'll hire him One of you to him, stay,—he comes to us 82

Lacy Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak

Firk Nails, if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke And you, friend Oake, are you of the Gentle Craft?

Lacy Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker

Firk 'Den skomaker', quoth a! And hark you, 'skomaker', have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand- and thumb-leathers, and good St Hugh's bones to smooth up to your work? 93

Lacy Yaw yaw, be niet vorveard Ik hab all de dingen voour mack skooes groot and cleane

Firk Ha, ha! Good master, hire him, he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest

Eyre Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of cordwainers? 100

81 gallimaufry] ridiculous medley (lit hashed mixed meats)

83] Good day, master, and you mistress too
87] Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker 94-5 Yes, yes, be not afraid I have all the things for making shoes great and small

190 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT II

Lacy Ik weet niet wat yow seg, ich verstaw you niet

Firk Why, thus, man [*Makes gesture*] 'Ich verste u niet,' quoth a'

Lacy Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat wel doen

Firk 'Yaw, yaw!' He speaks yawing like a jack-daw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds Oh, he'll give a villainous pull at a can of double-beer, but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen

Eyre What is thy name? 110

Lacy Hans—Hans Meulter

Eyre Give me thy hand, th'art welcome—Hodge, entertain him, Firk, bid him welcome, come, Hans Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine men's breakfasts To him, Hodge!

Hodge Hans, th'art welcome, use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant 118

Firk Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee—Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman

Enter Boy

Lacy O, ich, wersto you, ich moet een halve dossen cans betaelen, here, boy, nempt dis skilling, tap eens freelicke

[*Exit boy*]

Eyre Quick, snipper-snapper, away! Firk, scour thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor

Enter Boy

Come my last of the fives, give me a can Have to thee, Hans, here, Hodge, here Firk, drink, you mad

101 I know not what you say, I understand you not
104 Yes, yes, yes, I can do that well 121 heel-block]
block used in fastening a blank heel to a shoe, but there
is evidently some elusive pun on drinking 122-4] O,
I understand you, I must pay for a half-dozen cans, here,
boy, take this shilling, tap once [*or draw for us*] freely
127 last of the fives] small last

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 191

Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker — Here, Hans, and th'art welcome 131

Firk Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh This beer came hopping in well

Margery Simon, it is almost seven

Eyre Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon, is't seven a clock, and my men's breakfast not ready! Trip and go, you sous'd conger, away! Come, you mad Hyperboreans, follow me, Hodge, follow me, Hans, come after, my fine Firk, to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast! [Exit

Firk Soft! Yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman [Exeunt

Scene IV

Holloaing within Enter Warner and Hammon, like Hunters

Hammon Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far,

This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
Find out his highway to destruction
Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
He saw him take soul, and he holloaed him,
Affirming him to have been so emboss'd
That long he could not hold

Warner If it be so,
'Tis best we trace these meadows by Old Ford

A noise of Hunters within Enter a Boy

Hammon How now, boy! Where's the deer? speak,
saw'st thou him? 10

6 take soul] take to the water 7 emboss'd] driven
to extremity

192 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY Act II

Boy O yea, I saw him leap through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale Over he skipp'd me, and in he went me, and 'holla' the hunters cried, and 'there, boy, there, boy!' But there he is, 'a mine honesty

Hammon Boy, God amercy Cousin, let's away, I hope we shall find better sport to-day [Exeunt

Scene V

Hunting within Enter Rose and Sybil

Rose Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil Upon some, no, forester, go by, no, faith, mistress The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and over the pale, I wot well, I look'd as pale as a new cheese to see him But whip, says goodman Pin-close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them By my troth, we had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flay'd him, unhorn'd him, and my lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes 11

[Horns sound within

Rose Hark, hark, the hunters come, y' are best take heed,
They'll have a saying to you for this deed

Enter Hammon, Warner, Huntsmen, and Boy

Hammon God save you, fair ladies

Sybil Ladies! O gross!

Warner Came not a buck this way?

Rose No, but two does

Hammon And which way went they? Faith, we'll hunt at those

Sybil At those? upon some, no when, can you tell?

2 Upon some] indeed.

SC V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 193

Warner Upon some, ay

Sybil Good Lord!

Warner Wounds! Then farewell!

Hammon Boy, which way went he?

Boy This way, sir, he ran

Hammon This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress

Rose, 20

Our game was lately in your orchard seen

Warner Can you advise, which way he took his flight?

Sybil Follow your nose, his horns will guide you right

Warner Th' art a mad wench

Sybil O, rich!

Rose Trust me, not I

It is not like that the wild forest-deer

Would come so near to places of resort,

You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way

Warner Which way, my sugar-candy, can you show?

Sybil Come up, good honeysops, upon some, no

Rose Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?

Sybil I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame

Hammon A deer more dear is found within this place 32

Rose But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase

Hammon I chas'd the deer, but this dear chaseth me

Rose The strangest hunting that ever I see

But where's your park? [*She offers to go away*]

Hammon 'Tis here O stay!

Rose Impale me in't, and then I will not stray

Warner They wrangle, wench, we are more kind than they

Sybil What kind of hart is that dear heart you seek?

Warner A hart, dear heart

Sybil Who ever saw the like?

Rose To lose your heart, is't possible you can? 41

Hammon My heart is lost

Rose Alack, good gentleman!

Hammon This poor lost heart would I wish you might find

Rose You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind

Hammon Why, Luck had horns, so have I heard some say

Rose Now, God, an't be his will, send Luck into your way

Enter the Lord Mayor and Servants

Lord Mayor What, Master Hammon! Welcome to Old Ford!

Sybil God's pittikins, hands off, sir! Here's my lord

Lord Mayor I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game

Hammon 'Tis true, my lord

Lord Mayor I am sorry for the same 50
What gentleman is this?

Hammon My brother-in-law

Lord Mayor Y'are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Until you have refresh'd your wearied limbs —
Go, Sybil, cover the board!—You shall be guest
To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast

Hammon I thank your lordship—Cousin, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife [Exeunt

Lord Mayor In, gentlemen, I'll not be absent long —
This Hammon is a proper gentleman, 60
A citizen by birth, fairly alli'd,
How fit an husband were he for my girl!
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman [Exit

III I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 195

Act III Scene I

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk

Skipper Ick sal yow wat seggen, Hans, dis skip, dat comen from Candy, is al wol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, towsand towsand ding Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor u meester Daer be de bils van laden Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen Wat seggen yow, Hans?

Firk Wat seggen de reggen, de copen slopen—
laugh, Hodge, laugh! 9

Lacy Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe un Swannekin, daer sal yow finde dis skipper end me Wat seggen yow, broder Firk? Doot it, Hodge Come, skipper

[Exeunt Lacy and Skipper]

Firk Bring him, quoth you? Here's no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds Alas, that's nothing, a trifle, a bauble, Hodge 17

Hodge The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities He shall have a reasonable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself 24

1-7] I'll tell you what, Hans, this ship, that comes from Candy, is all full, by God's Sacrament, of sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and all things, a thousand thousand things Take it, Hans, take it for your master There be the bills of lading Your master Simon Eyre will have a good bargain What say you, Hans? 10-13] My dear brother Firk, bring Master Eyre to the sign of the Swan, there shall you find this skipper and me What say you, brother Firk? Do it, Hodge

196 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Firk Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny?

Hodge Portugues, thou wouldst say, here they be, Firk, hark, they jingle in my pocket like St Mary Overy's bells

Enter Eyre and Margery

Firk Mum, here comes my dame and my master She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday, but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday 33

Margery You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart,

I fear, for this your singing we shall smart

Firk Smart for me, dame? why, dame, why?

Hodge Master, I hope you ll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen

Firk If she take me down, I'll take her up, yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower 40

Eyre Peace, Firk, not I, Hodge, by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you —Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean, away, queen of clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk, I'll firk you, if you do

Margery Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please, but let that pass 49

Eyre Let it pass, let it vanish away, peace! Am I not Simon Eyre! Are not these my brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker Away, rubbish! vanish, melt, melt like kitchen-stuff!

Margery Yea, yea, 'tis well, I must be call'd rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves

27 Portugues] gold coins (see note on 1 1 90)
sort] pack

57

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 197

Firk Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me Master, I'll stay no longer, here's a vennentory of my shop-tools Adieu, master, Hodge, farewell 61

Hodge Nay, stay, Firk, thou shalt not go alone

Margery I pray, let them go, there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk

Firk Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turn'd to shoe-thread

Hodge And if I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at—Come, Firk 70

Eyre Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre?—Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin! Out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker? And now do you deal thus with my journeymen? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a lord! 80

Firk And here's a face for any lady in Christendom

Eyre Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! Boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen

Firk A dozen cans? O brave! Hodge, now I'll stay

Eyre [*Aside to the Boy*] An the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them [*Exit Boy Aloud*] A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen [*Re-enter Boy*] Hear you, mad Mesopotamians! wash your livers with this liquor Where be the odd ten? [*Aside*] No more, Madge, no more—Well said Drink and to work!—What work dost thou, Hodge? what work? 93

198 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Hodge I am a-making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose

Firk And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid I deal with her

Eyre Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchen-stuff and basting-ladles Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling, put gross work to Hans Yark and seam, yark and seam! 102

Firk For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to't

Hodge Well, master, all this is from the bias Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan Here be the Portugues to give earnest If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least 110

Firk Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me

Margery Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tittle thus

Firk Tittle, dame? No, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy?

Enter the Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown
Eyre puts it on

Eyre Peace, Firk, silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it Here's a seal-ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown and a damask cassock See where it comes, look here, Maggy, help me, Firk, apparel me, Hodge, silk and satin, you mad Philistines, silk and satin 123

Firk Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet

102 Yark] stitch 105 from the bias] beside the mark
108 Portugues] see note on 11 90 120 guarded]
with facings 125 beaten] embroidered

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 199

Eyre Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge Why, now you look like yourself, master I warrant you, there's few in the city, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the 'right worshipful'

132

Firk Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turn'd and dress'd Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Margery Fine! By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never lik'd thee so well in my life, sweetheart But let that pass, I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel, but let that pass too

143

Enter Lacy and Skipper

Lacy Godden day, mester Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice, de commodity ben good, nempt it, master, nempt it

Eyre Godamercy, Hans, welcome, skipper Where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skipper De ship ben in revere, dor be van Sugar, cyvet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand towsand tings, gotz sacrament, nempt it, mester, ye sal heb good copen

152

Firk To him, master! O sweet master! O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips! O brave fattening meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself

144-6] Good day, master This is the skipper that has the ship of merchandise, the commodity is good, take it, master, take it

149-52] The ship is in the river, there are sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and a thousand thousand things, God's Sacrament, take it, master! you will have a good bargain

200 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Eyre Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go abroad with you — Hans, have you made him drink?

Skipper Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck 159

Eyre Come, Hans, follow me Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city [Exeunt

Firk 'Yaw, heb veale gedrunck', quoth a! They may well be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal, and thick beer too! But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more

Margery No, faith, Firk, no, perdy, Hodge I do feel honour creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh, but let that pass

Firk Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down 173

Margery Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh, but let that pass Come, I'll go in, Hodge, prithee, go before me, Firk, follow me

Firk Firk doth follow Hodge, pass out in state [Exeunt

Scene II

Enter Lincoln and Dodger

Lincoln How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodger My lord, upon the eighteen day of May The French and English were prepar'd to fight, Each side with eager fury gave the sign Of a most hot encounter Five long hours Both armies fought together, at the length The lot of victory fell on our sides Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died, Four thousand English, and no man of name

157 abroad] out of doors. 159 Yes, yes, I have drunk plenty

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 201

But Captain Hyam and young Ardington, 19
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well

Lincoln But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodger My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there

Lincoln Not there?

Dodger No, my good lord

Lincoln Sure, thou mistakest

I saw him shipp'd, and a thousand eyes beside

Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,

When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu

Dodger, take heed

Dodger My lord, I am advis'd,

That what I spake is true to prove it so, 20

His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,

Sent me for him from France, that secretly

He might convey himself thither

Lincoln Is't even so?

Dares he so carelessly venture his life

Upon the indignation of a king?

Has he despis'd my love, and spurn'd those favours

Which I with prodigal hand pour'd on his head?

He shall repent his rashness with his soul,

Since of my love he makes no estimate,

I'll make him wish he had not known my hate 30

Thou hast no other news?

Dodger None else, my lord

Lincoln None worse I know thou hast —Procure
the king

To crown his giddy brows with ample honours,

Send him chief colonel, and all my hope

Thus to be dash'd! But 'tis in vain to grieve,

One evil cannot a worse relieve

Upon my life, I have found out his plot,

That old dog, Love, that fawn'd upon him so,

Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheek'd Rose,

The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted him, 40

And in the fire of that love's lunacy

202 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Hath he burnt up himself, consum'd his credit
 Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
 Only to get a wanton to his wife
 Dodger, it is so

Dodger I fear so, my good lord

Lincoln It is so—nay, sure it cannot be!
 I am at my wits' end *Dodger*!

Dodger Yea, my lord

Lincoln Thou art acquainted with my nephew's
 haunts,

Spend this gold for thy pains, go seek him out,
 Watch at my lord mayor's—there if he live, 50
 Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him
 Prithce, be diligent—Lacy, thy name
 Liv'd once in honour, now 'tis dead in shame—
 Be circumspect *[Exit*

Dodger I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit*

Scene III

Enter Lord Mayor and Master Scott

Lord Mayor Good Master Scott, I have been bold
 with you,
 To be a witness to a wedding-knot
 Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daughter.
 O, stand aside, see where the lovers come

Enter Hammon and Rose

Rose Can it be possible you love me so?
 No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
 Apparent likelihoods of flattery
 Pray now, let go my hand

Hammon Sweet Mistress Rose,
 Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
 Of my affection, whose devoted soul 10
 Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart

Rose As dear as your own heart? I judge it right,
 Men love their hearts best when th' are out of sight

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 203

Hammon I love you, by this hand

Rose Yet hands off now¹

If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow!

Hammon Then by my life I swear

Rose Then do not brawl,

One quarrel loseth wife and life and all

Is not your meaning thus?

Hammon In faith, you jest

Rose Love loves to sport, therefore leave love,

y' are best

Lord Mayor What? square they, Master Scott?¹⁹

Scott Sir, never doubt,

Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out

Hammon Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying

me

Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight

I am not grown so fond, to fond my love

On any that shall quite it with disdain,

If you will love me, so—if not, farewell

Lord Mayor Why, how now, lovers, are you both

agreed?

Hammon Yes, faith, my lord

Lord Mayor 'Tis well, give me your hand

Give me yours, daughter—How now, both pull

back?

What means this, girl?

Rose I mean to live a maid³⁰

Hammon [*Aside*] But not to die one, pause, ere that

be said

Lord Mayor Will you still cross me, still be obsti-

nate?

Hammon Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing

well,

If she can live an happy virgin's life

'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife

²⁰ square] agree ²² strange] over-fastidious ²⁴

fond my love] found &c (the old spelling must be kept

for the pun) ²⁵ quite] requite

204 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Rose Say, sir, I cannot I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you

Lord Mayor Your tongue is quick, but Master
Hammon, know,

I bade you welcome to another end

Hammon What, would you have me pule and pine
and pray, 40

With 'lovely lady, mistress of my heart,
Pardon your servant', and the rhymer play,
Railing on 'Cupid and his tyrant's dart',
Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhors'd—
Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rose Yea, when wilt begin?

What, love-rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly sin!

Lord Mayor If you will have her, I'll make her
agree

Hammon Enforced love is worse than hate to me —

[*Aside*] There is a wench keeps shop in the Old
Change, 51

To her will I, it is not wealth I seek,

I have enough, and will prefer her love

Before the world — [*Aloud*] My good lord mayor,
adieu

Old love for me, I have no luck with new [Exit

Lord Mayor Now, mammet, you have well behav'd
yourself,

But you shall curse your coyness if I live —

Who's within there? See you convey your mistress
Straight to th' Old Ford! I'll keep you straight enough,
Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl 60

Would willingly accepted Hammon's love,

But banish him, my thoughts!—Go minion, in!

[Exit Rose

56 mammet] doll, puppet (hence, perhaps, 'silly child')
61 accepted] have accepted (?), Fritsche suggested
accept of', but perhaps 'Would' should be 'Had'

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 205

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought
That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott 'Twas well, my lord, your honour and
myself

Grew partners with him, for your bills of lading
Show that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gain in other merchandise 70

Lord Mayor Well, he shall spend some of his thou-
sands now,

For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter Eyre

See, where he comes — Good morrow, Master Eyre

Eyre Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker

Lord Mayor Well, well, it likes yourself to term
you so

Enter Dodger

Now, Master Dodger, what's the news with you?

Dodger I'd gladly speak in private to your honour

Lord Mayor You shall, you shall — Master Eyre and
Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman,
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before 80
To the Guildhall, I'll follow presently

Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff

Eyre I would not care, my lord, if you might call
me King of Spain — Come, Master Scott

[*Exeunt Eyre and Scott*]

Lord Mayor Now, Master Dodger, what's the news
you bring?

Dodger The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your
lordship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps

Lord Mayor Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?

Dodger No, I assure your lordship, but disguis'd 90

206 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Lurks here in London

Lord Mayor London? is't even so?
It may be, but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives
So tell my Lord of Lincoln —Lurks in London?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains,
So much I love his honour, hate his nephew
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me

Dodger I take my leave [Exit Dodger

Lord Mayor Farewell, good Master Dodger
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life, 101
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Denied young Master Hammon in his love
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford
God's Lord, 'tis late, to Guildhall I must hie,
I know my brethren stay my company [Exit

Scene IV

Enter Firk, Margery, Lacy, and Hodge

Margery Thou goest too fast for me, Roger
O, Firk!

Firk Ay, forsooth

Margery I pray thee, run—do you hear?—run to
Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre,
will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff
upon him Hie thee, good Firk

Firk Take it? Well, I go, an he should not take
it, Firk swears to forswear him Yes, forsooth, I go
to Guildhall 10

Margery Nay, when? thou art too compendious
and tedious

Firk O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence
[*Aside*] How like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks,

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 207

and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding

Margery Nay, when? thou wilt make me melancholy 18

Firk God forbid your worship should fall into that humour,—I run [Exit

Margery Let me see now, Roger and Hans

Hodge Ay, foisooth, dame—mistress I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off

Margery Even what thou wilt, good Roger, dame is a fair name for any honest Christian, but let that pass How dost thou, Hans?

Lacy Mee tanck you, vro 28

Margery Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of London—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you I will not be your back-friend, but let that pass Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe

Lacy Yaw, ic sal, vro

Margery Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough, prithe, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too

Hodge You shall 40

Margery Art thou acquainted with never a farthing-gale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think

Hodge [Aside] As a cat out of a pillory—Very well, I warrant you, mistress

Margery Indeed, all flesh is grass, and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street 50

28] I thank you, mistress 33 back-friend] false friend
35] Yes, I will, mistress

208 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Margery Thou art an ungracious wag, perdy,
I mean a false hair for my periwig

Hodge Why mistress, the next time I cut my beard,
you shall have the shavings of it, but they are all true
hairs

Margery It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else
a mask

Hodge [*Aside*] So you had need, to hide your
wicked face 59

Margery Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling
is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of
God, I would not deal with it Is not Firk come yet?
Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my hus-
band's worship says

Lacy Ick bin vrolicke, lot see yow soo

Hodge Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Margery Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These
filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving
baubles that ever I felt Out upon it! God bless us,
men look not like men that use them 70

Enter Ralph, being lame

Hodge What, fellow Ralph! Mistress, look here,
Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make
much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good
workman, and a tall soldier

Lacy You be welcome, broder

Margery Perdy, I knew him not How dost thou,
good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well

Ralph I would God you saw me, dame, as well
As when I went from London into France

Margery Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee
impotent Lord, how the wars have made him sun-
burnt! The left leg is not well, 'twas a fair gift of God
the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering
thou camest from France, but let that pass 84

65] I am frolic, let's see you so. 66 drink] smoke (the
usual term) 74 tall] brave.

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 209

Ralph I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To hear that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure

Margery Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker,
but let that pass

Hodge And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news
in France? 90

Ralph Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in
England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my
wife?

Where lives my poor heart? She'll be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed

Hodge Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou
shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he
have but three fingers on a hand

Ralph Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane

Margery O Ralph, your wife,—perdy, we know
not what's become of her. She was here a while, and
because she was married, grew more stately than
became her, I check'd her, and so forth, away she
flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah, and,
Ralph, you know, 'ka me, ka thee' And so, as I tell
ye—— Roger, is not Firk come yet? 105

Hodge No, forsooth

Margery And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but
I hear she lives in London, but let that pass. If she
had wanted, she might have opened her case to me
or my husband, or to any of my men, I am sure there's
not any of them, perdy, but would have done her good
to his power. Hans, look if Firk be come 112

Lacy Yaw, ik sal, vro [Exit Lacy]

Margery And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost
thou weep? Thou knowest that naked we came out

102 check'd] rebuked 103 bye nor bah] a farewell
courteous or insulting (Wheeler) 104 ka me, ka thee] un-
explained common phrase implying reciprocity in service,
flattery, &c 113] Yes, I will, mistress

210 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

of our mother's womb, and naked we must return,
and, therefore, thank God for all things

Hodge No, faith, Jane is a stranger here, but,
Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one
Thy wife, man, is in London, one told me, he saw
her awhile ago very brave and neat, we'll ferret her
out, an London hold her 122

Margery Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with
sorrow, he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any
good thing But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some
meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful
towards thee

Ralph I thank you, dame, since I want limbs and
lands, 128
I'll trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands
[Exit

Enter Lacy and Firk running

Firk Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress!
Hodge, heave up thine ears, mistress, smug up your
looks, on with your best apparel, my master is chosen,
my master is called, nay, condemn'd by the cry of
the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous
year now to come And time now being, a great many
men in black gowns were ask'd for their voices and
their hands, and my master had all their fists about
his ears presently, and they cried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay',—
and so I came away—

Wherefore without all other grieve 140
I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve

Lacy Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve

Hodge Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may
boldly say Good-morrow to your worship

Margery Good-morrow, good Roger I thank you,
my good people all —Firk, hold up thy hand here's
a threepenny piece for thy tidings

131 smug] smarten
man, a sheriff

142] Yes, my master is a great
man,

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 211

Firk 'Tis but three-half-pence, I think Yes, 'tis three-pence, I smell the rose

Hodge But, mistress, be rul'd by me, and do not speak so pulingly 151

Firk 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key 'To it, Firk', 'there, good Firk', 'ply your business, Hodge', 'Hodge, with a full mouth', 'I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang'

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chain

Lacy See, myn liever broder, heer compt my meester

Margery Welcome home, Master Shrieve, I pray God continue you in health and wealth 160

Eyre See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre I shall make thee a lady, here's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee, Firk, thou shalt be the foreman, Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs of London —How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All three Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff? 173

Eyre Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves, for the Gentle Craft But I forgot myself, I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford, he's gone before, I must after Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the

149 rose] on the reverse of the coin 157-8 See,
my dear brother, here comes my master 167-8 an hundred for twenty] referring to his loan of Portugues

212 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

honour of the gentlemen shoemakers Meet me at
 Old Ford, you know my mind Come, Madge, away
 Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday [*Exeunt*
Firk O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge, follow me,
 Hans, 184
 We'll be with them for a morris-dance. [*Exeunt*

Scene V

Enter Lord Mayor, Rose, Eyre, Margery in a French hood, Sybil, and other Servants

Lord Mayor Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford

As I myself

Margery Truly, I thank your lordship

Lord Mayor Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give

Eyre Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer!
 A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat

Lord Mayor Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee,
 Master Eyre,

It does me good, and all my brethren,
 That such a madcap fellow as thyself

Is entered into our society

9

Margery Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity

Eyre Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace, but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry, away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries What, honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born What says my lord mayor?

Lord Mayor Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound,

20

had an heart but half so light as yours

Eyre Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound

SC V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 213

of care pays not a dram of debt Hum, let's be merry,
whiles we are young, old age, sack and sugar will steal
upon us, ere we be aware

Lord Mayor It's well done, Mistress Eyre, pray,
give good counsel

To my daughter

Margery I hope Mistress Rose will have the grace
to take nothing that's bad

Lord Mayor Pray God she do, for i' faith, Mistress
Eyre, 30

I would bestow upon that peevish girl
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she'd be rul'd by me
The ape still crosseth me There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revenues,
Whom gladly I would call son-in-law
But my fine cockney would have none of him —
You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die
A courtier, or no man must please your eye 39

Eyre Be rul'd, sweet Rose th'art ripe for a man
Marry not with a boy that has no more hair on his
face than thou hast on thy cheeks A courtier? wash,
go by! stand not upon pishery-pashery those silken
fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides,
Rose, their inner linings are torn No, my fine mouse,
marry me with a gentleman grocer like my lord
mayor, your father, a grocer is a sweet trade plums,
plums Had I a son or daughter should marry out
of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he
should pack, what, the Gentle Trade is a living for
a man through Europe, through the world 51

A noise within of a tabor and a pipe

Lord Mayor What noise is this?

Eyre O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that
for love to your honour are come hither with a morris-
dance Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

42 wash] rubbish

214 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT III

Enter Hodge, Lacy, Ralph, Firk, and other Shoemakers, wth a morris, after a little dancing the Lord Mayor speaks

Lord Mayor Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre All cordwainers, my good lord mayor

Rose [*Aside*] How like my Lacy looks yond shoe maker!

Lacy [*Aside*] O that I durst but speak unto my love!

Lord Mayor Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink

60

You are all welcome

All We thank your lordship

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Lacy

Rose For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st,

Good friend, I drink to thee

Lacy Ic bedancke, good frister

Margery I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment, you have drunk to the properest man I keep

Firk Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he

Lord Mayor Well, urgent business calls me back to London

70

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer,

And to make merry as you homeward go,

Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow

Eyre To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another, then cheerily, Firk, tickle it, Hans, and all for the honour of shoemakers [*All go dancing out*

Lord Mayor Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company

[*Exeunt*

Rose Sybil, what shall I do?

Sybil Why, what's the matter?

Rose That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,

64] I thank you, good maid
handsome

66 properest] most

SC V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 215

Disguis'd in that attire to find me out 80
How should I find the means to speak with him? *

Sybil What, mistress, never fear, I dare venture
my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds,
that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London,
shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of
all your father's policies steal you away and marry you
Will not this please you?

Rose Do this, and ever be assured of my love

Sybil Away, then, and follow your father to
London, lest your absence cause him to suspect
something 91

To-morrow, if my counsel be obey'd,
I'll bind you prentice to the Gentle Trade
[*Exeunt*

Act IV Scene I

*Enter Jane in a Seamster's shop, working, and Hammon,
muffled, at another door, he stands aloof*

Hammon Yonder's the shop, and there my fair
love sits

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine
O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poor famish'd eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish I am unfortunate
I still love one, yet nobody loves me
I muse, in other men what women see,
That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,
And this too curious! Oh, no, she is chaste, 10
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes
How prettily she works, oh pretty hand!
Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand
Unseen to see her Thus I oft have stood

216 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,
 Enduring biting cold, only to eye her
 One only look hath seem'd as rich to me
 As a king's crown, such is love's lunacy
 Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try
 Whether she know me 20

Jane Sir, what is't you buy?
 What is't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn,
 Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Hammon [Aside] That which thou wilt not sell
 Faith, yet I'll try
 How do you sell this handkercher?

Jane Good cheap.

Hammon And how these ruffs?

Jane Cheap too

Hammon And how this band?

Jane Cheap too

Hammon All cheap, how sell you then this
 hand?

Jane My hands are not to be sold

Hammon To be given then!

Nay, faith, I come to buy

Jane But none knows when

Hammon Good sweet, leave work a little while,
 let's play 30

Jane I cannot live by keeping holiday

Hammon I'll pay you for the time which shall be
 lost

Jane With me you shall not be at so much cost

Hammon Look, how you wound this cloth, so you
 wound me

Jane It may be so

Hammon 'Tis so

Jane What remedy?

Hammon Nay, faith, you are too coy

Jane Let go my hand

Hammon I will do any task at your command,
 I would let go this beauty, were I not

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 217

In mind to disobey you by a power
That controls kings I love you!

Jane So, now part 40

Hammon With hands I may, but never with my
heart

In faith, I love you

Jane I believe you do

Hammon Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?

Jane I hate you not

Hammon Then you must love?

Jane I do

What are you better now? I love not you

Hammon All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means come to me, when she cries away!

In earnest, mistress,—I do not jest—

A true chaste love hath entered in my breast

I love you dearly, as I love my life, 50

I love you as a husband loves a wife,

That, and no other love, my love requires

Thy wealth, I know, is little, my desires

Thirst not for gold Sweet, beauteous Jane, what's
mine

Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine

Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?

Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath

Jane Good sir, I do believe you love me well,

For 'tis a silly conquest, silly pride

For one like you—I mean a gentleman— 60

To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought

Such and such women to his amorous lure,

I think you do not so, yet many do,

And make it even a very trade to woo

I would be coy, as many women be,

Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton looks,

But I detest witchcraft, say that I

Do constantly believe you, constant have—

38 In mind] munded (?), or read 'Enjoin'd' (which
Dekker would spell 'injoind') 59 silly] trivial

218 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY Act IV

Hammon Why dost thou not believe me?

Jane I believe you,

But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you 70

With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,

In simple truth this is the sum of all

My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives

Press'd was he to these bitter wars in France,

Bitter they are to me by wanting him

I have but one heart, and that heart's his due

How can I then bestow the same on you?

Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,

And rather be his wife than a king's whore

Hammon Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse
thee, 80

Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me

Thy husband, press'd for France, what was his
name?

Jane Ralph Dampport

Hammon Dampport?—Here's a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,

A gentleman of place, here he doth write

Their names that have been slain in every fight

Jane I hope death's scroll contains not my love's
name

Hammon Cannot you read?

Jane I can

Hammon Peruse the same
To my remembrance such a name I read

Amongst the rest See here

Jane Ay me, he's dead! 90
He's dead! if this be true, my dear heart's slain!

Hammon Have patience, dear love

Jane Hence, hence!

Hammon Nay, sweet Jane,
Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears

I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st

Jane That bill is forg'd, 'tis sign'd by forgery

Hammon I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many,

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 219

Carrying the like report Jane, 'tis too true
Come, weep not mourning, though it rise from love,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourn

Jane For God's sake, leave me

Hammon Whither dost thou turn?

Forget the dead, love them that are alive, 101
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive

Jane 'Tis now no time for me to think on love—

Hammon 'Tis now best time for you to think on
love,

Because your love lives not

Jane Though he be dead,
My love to him shall not be buried,
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone

Hammon 'Twould kill my soul, to leave thee
drown'd in moan

Answer me to my suit, and I am gone,
Say to me yea or no

Jane No

Hammon Then farewell! 110

One farewell will not serve, I come again,
Come, dry these wet cheeks, tell me, faith, sweet
Jane,

Yea or no, once more

Jane Once more I say, no,
Once more be gone, I pray, else will I go

Hammon Nay, then I will grow rude, by this white
hand,

Until you change that cold 'no', here I'll stand
Till by your hard heart—

Jane Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase

Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone therefore in brief 120

Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu
If ever I wed man, it shall be you

Hammon O blessed voice! Dear Jane, I'll urge no
more,

220 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

Thy breath hath made me rich

Jane

Death makes me poor

[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter Hodge, at his shop-board, Ralph, Firk, Lacy, and a Boy at work

All Hey, down a down, down, derry

Hodge Well said, my hearts, ply your work to-day, we loitered yesterday, to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least

Firk Hey, down a down, derry

Hodge Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou, Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Lacy Yaw, mester

Firk Not so neither, my organ-pipe squeals this morning for want of liquoring Hey, down a down, derry! 11

Lacy Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly yongster Hort, ay, mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres vor Mester Jeffre's boots

Hodge Thou shalt, Hans

Firk Master!

Hodge How now, boy?

Firk Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeits, or else my work will not pass current, hey, down a down! 20

Hodge Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mistress Priscilla's shoes done?

Firk Your cousin? No, master, one of your aunts, hang her, let them alone

Ralph I am in hand with them, she gave charge that none but I should do them for her

Firk Thou do for her? then 'twill be a lame doing,

12-14] Forward, Firk, thou art a jolly youngster Hark ye, master, I ask you to cut me a pair of vampres for Master Jeffrey's boots 23 aunts] bawds

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 221

and that she loves not Ralph, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would have yerk'd and fir'd your Priscilla Hey, down a down, derry This gear will not hold 31

Hodge How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk How, merry? why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire Well, Sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings

Ralph Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best

Firk 'Tis true, because Mistress Rose drank to him 41

Hodge Well, well, work apace They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick

Firk I care not, I'll be none

Ralph No, nor I, but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter Sybil

Firk Whoop, yonder comes Sybil

Hodge Sybil, welcome, i' faith, and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk Syb-whore, welcome to London 50

Sybil Godamercy, sweet Firk, good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tickle it, i' faith

Ralph Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford

Sybil That you shall have, Ralph

Firk Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil, and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first

35 Oatmeal] the Lord Mayor's name, variously spelt in the Quartos, was evidently pronounced *Oatley* 52 tickle it] work briskly

222 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

Sybil Well, Godamercy, but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming? 61

Firk Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some sprekēn

Lacy Wat begaie you? Vat vod you, Frister?

Sybil Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last

Lacy Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistris?

Sybil Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill

Firk Will nobody serve her turn but Hans? 70

Sybil No, sir Come, Hans, I stand upon needles

Hodge Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking

Sybil For that let me alone I have a trick in my budget Come, Hans

Lacy Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane

[*Exit Lacy and Sybil*]

Hodge Go, Hans, make haste again Come, who lacks work?

Firk I, master, for I lack my breakfast, 'tis munching-time and past 79

Hodge Is't so? why, then leave work, Ralph To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools Come, Ralph, come, Firk [Exeunt

Enter a Serving-man

Serving-man Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street Mass, yonder's the house What, haw! Who's within?

Enter Ralph

Ralph Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serving-man Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning What, can you do them? 89

64] What want you? What would you, maid? 67]
Where is your noble mistress, where is your mistress? 75]
Yes, yes, I will go with you

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 223

Ralph Yes, sir, you shall have them But what length's her foot?

Serving-man Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning 95

Ralph How? by this shoe must it be made? by this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serving-man How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? a pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to-morrow morning by four a clock Dost understand me? Canst thou do't? 103

Ralph Yes, sir, yes—ay, ay!—I can do't By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't Four a clock, well Whither shall I bring them?

Serving-man To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street, inquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master 110

Ralph Yea, sir, by this shoe, you say?

Serving-man I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball, he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride

Ralph They shall be done by this shoe, well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball, very well, very well But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married? 118

Serving-man At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's But what's that to thee? Prithce, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell [Exit

Ralph By this shoe, said he How am I amaz'd At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife When I was press'd for France, since when, alas!

224 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

I never could hear of her it is the same,
 And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane

Enter Firk

Firk 'Snails, Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three
 pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast

Ralph I care not, I have found a better thing

Firk A thing? away! Is it a man's thing, or a
 woman's thing? 132

Ralph Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

Firk No, by my troth, neither doth that know me!
 I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger
 to me

Ralph Why, then I do, this shoe, I durst be sworn,
 Once covered the instep of my Jane

This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love,
 These true-love knots I prick'd, I hold my life, 140
 By this old shoe I shall find out my wife

Firk Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a
 murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon thee?

Ralph Thus, Firk even now here came a serving-
 man,

By this shoe would he have a new pair made
 Against to-morrow morning for his mistress,
 That's to be married to a gentleman,
 And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass?
 Ha, ha! 150

Ralph Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth
 is this

Against to-morrow morning I'll provide
 A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
 To watch the going of the bride to church
 If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
 From Hammon and the devil, were he by
 If it be not my Jane, what remedy?

140 hold] wager.

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 225

Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die, 158
 Although I never with a woman lie [Exit]

Firk Thou lie with a woman, to build nothing but
 Cripple-gates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it
 may be he may light upon his matrimony by such a
 device, for wedding and hanging goes by destiny [Exit]

Scene III

Enter Lacy and Rose, arm in arm

Lacy How happy am I by embracing thee!
 Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign,
 That I should never see my Rose again

Rose Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
 Offers herself to further our escape,
 Let not too over-fond esteem of me
 Hinder that happy hour Invent the means,
 And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Lacy Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
 Made happy by thy rich perfection! 10
 But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,
 Redoubling love on love, let me once more
 Like to a bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee,
 This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
 Who now by death of certain aldermen
 Is mayor of London, and my master once,
 Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
 Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
 Our happy nuptials will we consummate 19

Enter Sybil

Sybil Oh God, what will you do, mistress? Shift
 for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming,
 he's coming! Master Lacy, hide yourself! In, my
 mistress! For God's sake, shift for yourselves!

Lacy Your father come, sweet Rose—what shall
 I do?

2 cross] adverse.

226 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose A man, and want wit in extremity!
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe

Enter the Lord Mayor

Lacy Mass, and that's well remembered

Sybil Here comes your father

Lacy Forware, metresse, 'tis un good skow, it sal
vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen 31

Rose Oh God, it pincheth me, what will you do?

Lacy [*Aside*] You father's presence pincheth, not
the shoe

Lord Mayor Well done, fit my daughter well, and
she shall please thee well

Lacy Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, forware, 'tis
un good skoo, 'tis gumaît van neits leither, se euer,
mine here

Enter a Prentice

Lord Mayor I do believe it —What's the news with
you?

Prentice Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate
Is newly lighted, and would speak with you 41

Lord Mayor The Earl of Lincoln come to speak
with me?

Well, well, I know his errand Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!
Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow me

[*Ext*

Lacy Mine uncle come! Oh, what may this
portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end

28 s d Lord Mayor] *sc* the ex-Lord Mayor, Sir Roger
Oteley, the Quarto stage directions sensibly continue his
old style to the end to avoid confusion 30-1] Truly,
mistress, it is a good shoe, it will fit well, or you shall not pay
36-8] Yes, yes, I know that well, truly, it is a good shoe, it
is made of neat's leather, only look, sir

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 227

Rose Be not dismay'd at this, whate'er befall,
 Rose is thine own To witness I speak truth,
 Where thou appoints the place, I'll meet with thee
 I will not fix a day to follow thee, 51
 But presently steal hence Do not reply
 Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,
 Shall now add wings to further our escape

[*Exeunt*]

Scene IV

Enter Lord Mayor and Lincoln

Lord Mayor Believe me, on my credit, I speak truth
 Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
 I have not seen him It seem'd strange to me,
 When Dodger told me that he stay'd behind,
 Neglecting the high charge the king imposed

Lincoln Trust me, Sir Roger Oteley, I did think
 Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
 Drawn to it by the love he bears your child
 Here I did hope to find him in your house,
 But now I see mine error, and confess, 10
 My judgement wrong'd you by conceiving so

Lord Mayor Lodge in my house, say you? Trust
 me, my lord,

I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
 So much to wrong his honour, and he hath done so,
 That first gave him advice to stay from France
 To witness I speak truth, I let you know,
 How careful I have been to keep my daughter
 Free from all conference or speech of him,
 Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
 I bear your honour, lest your noble blood 20
 Should by my mean worth be dishonoured

Lincoln [*Aside*] How far the churl's tongue wanders
 from his heart!

—Well, well, Sir Roger Oteley, I believe you,
 With more than many thanks for the kind love

50 appoints] appointest.

52 presently] at once

228 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

So much you seem to bear me But, my lord,
Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my breast

Enter Sybil

Sybil O Lord! Help, for God's sake! my mistress!
oh, my young mistress! 31

Lord Mayor Where is thy mistress? What's be-
come of her?

Sybil She's gone, she's fled!

Lord Mayor Gone! Whither is she fled?

Sybil I know not, forsooth, she's fled out of doors
with Hans the shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud,
scud, apace, apace!

Lord Mayor Which way? What, John! Where be
my men? Which way?

Sybil I know not, an it please your worship

Lord Mayor Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be
true?

Sybil Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in Heaven 40

Lincoln [*Aside*] Her love turn'd shoemaker? I am
glad of this

Lord Mayor A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker!
Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorn'd she young Hammon
To love a honnikin, a needy knave?
Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her,
Let her starve, if she will, she's none of mine.

Lincoln Be not so cruel, sir

Enter Firk with shoes

Sybil [*Aside*] I am glad, she's 'scap'd

Lord Mayor I'll not account of her as of my child
Was there no better object for her eyes 50
But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave!

45 honnikin] spoiled darling (?)

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 229

Firk Yea, forsooth, 'tis a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding

Lord Mayor How now, what knave is this? From whence comest thou?

Firk No knave, sir I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman,* and I come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making thereof, I bid you farewell, yours, Firk 60

Lord Mayor Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you I am moved, for I stir

Lord Mayor My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft

Firk Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm Sit your worship merry! [Aside to Sybil] —Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob them, now my Master Eyre is lord mayor of London 70

Lord Mayor Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you?

Firk I am glad to see your worship so merry I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat [Pointing to Sybil]

Lincoln He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid, But only doth demand whose man you are

Firk I sing now to the tune of Rogero Roger, my fellow, is now my master

Lincoln Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker? 79

Firk Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes I have him I tell you what, I speak it in secret Mistress Rose and he are by this time—no, not so, but shortly are to come over one another with 'Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?' It is that Hans—[Aside] I'll so gull these diggers!

85 diggers] diggers for information (Wheeler)

230 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT IV

Lord Mayor Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk Yes, forsooth, yea, marry!

Lincoln Canst thou, in sadness?

Firk No, forsooth, no marry!

Lord Mayor Tell me, good honest fellow, where
he is, 90

And thou shalt see what I'll bestow of thee

Firk Honest fellow? No, sir, not so, sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I love feeling, let me feel it here, *aurum tenus*, ten pieces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver, and then Firk is your man—[*Aside*] in a new pair of stretchers

Lord Mayor Here is an angel, part of thy reward, Which I will give thee, tell me where he is 98

Firk No point! Shall I betray my brother? no! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? no! Shall I cry treason to my corporation? no! I shall be firke'd and yerke'd then But give me your angel, your angel shall tell you

Lincoln Do so, good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee

Firk Send simpering Syb away

Lord Mayor Huswife, get you in [*Exit Syb*]

Firk Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths, but for Hauns-prauns, upon my word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal 112

Lord Mayor But art thou sure of this?

Firk Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone, or that the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you?

Lincoln Where are they married? Dost thou know the church? 119

88 Canst] knowest sadness] earnest 96
stretchers] lies 99 No point] not a bit

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 231

Firk I never go to church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing church—stay a while, 'tis—Ay, by the mass, no, no,—tis—Ay, by my troth, no, nor that, 'tis—Ay, by my faith, that, that, 'tis, Ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross There they shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony, there they'll be income

Lincoln Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker

Firk Yes, forsooth

Lincoln Doth he not, honest fellow? 130

Firk No, forsooth, I think Hans is nobody but
Hans, no spirit

Lord Mayor My mind misgives me now, 'tis so,
indeed

Lincoln My cousin speaks the language, knows the
trade

Lord Mayor Let me request your company, my
lord,

Your honourable presence may, no doubt,
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne
Shall I request this favour?

Lincoln This, or what else 139

Firk Then you must rise betimes, for they mean
to fall to their 'hey-pass and repass', 'pindy-pandy,
which hand will you have', very early

Lord Mayor My care shall every way equal their
haste

This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brain'd nuptial
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains
They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns

Lincoln At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st? [Exit.

126 income] fine, a (rather vague) cant word of approval.

232 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

Firk Yes, by my troth 150

Lincoln Be secret, on thy life [Exit

Firk Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft! I came hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be cony-catched by Hans. Soft now, these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride napping, and they, in the meantime, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oteley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter. Oh, brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know, now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Wool-sack in Ivy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's true 166

Alack, alack!

Girls, hold out tack!

For now smocks for this jumbling

Shall go to wrack [Exit

Act V. Scene I

Enter Eyre, Maigery, Lacy, and Rose

Eyre This is the morning, then, say, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Lacy This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable, therefore, if you—

Eyre Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these *et ceteras*! By mine honour, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear nothing, Rose let them all say what they can, dainty, come thou to me—laughest thou?

168 hold out tack] hold your own, keep at bay

SC I THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 233

Margery Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may . 12

Eyre Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful Lady Madgy, thou had'st never cover'd thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale ('tis trash, trumpery, vanity), Simon Eyre had never walk'd in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portugues, and shall I leave him? No! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind 23

Lacy My lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence
Eyre Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels, take them, good Lady Madgy, trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy, see them link'd, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre, come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minc'd-pies and marchpane Rose, away, cricket, trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy, Hans, wed, and to bed, kiss, and away! Go, vanish!

Margery Farewell, my lord

Rose Make haste, sweet love

Margery She'd fain the deed were done 39

Lacy Come, my sweet Rose, faster than deer we'll run [They go out

Eyre Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the

234 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

honour of Saint Hugh Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do't, I'll do't, by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher Besides, I have procur'd that upon every Shrove Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away This is the day, and this day they shall do't, they shall do't 59

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre

[Exit

Scene II

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons

Hodge Come, Ralph, stand to it, Firk My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong, were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 'tis thy wife? 7

Ralph Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I strok'd on her shoes, I look'd upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, ask'd me if ever I knew one Ralph Yes, said I For his sake, said she—tears standing in

51 the Conduit] whence it was part of an apprentice's duty to fetch water 56 pancake bell] rung on Shrove Tuesday about 11 a m 6 close] enclosure, property (sc Jane) 9 strok'd] fitted

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 235

her eyes—and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold I took it, my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown All is one for that I know she's mine ¹⁵

Firk Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She's thine own, 'tis thy wife, and she loves thee, for I'll stand to 't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London Is not our old master Eyre, lord mayor? Speak, my hearts ²³

All Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost

Enter Hammon, his man, Jane, and others

Hodge Peace, my bullies, yonder they come

Ralph Stand to 't, my hearts *Firk*, let me speak first

Hodge No, Ralph, let me—Hammon, whither away so early?

Hammon Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee? ³⁰

Firk To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Hammon Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All the shoemakers Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices!

Hodge Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that we'll carry her away with us My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits, shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit ⁴¹

All of Hammon's side Well, and what of all this?

Hodge I'll show you—Jane, dost thou know this

35-6 Cry clubs] the usual cry for summoning apprentices to defend or offend the honour of the citizens

236 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

man? 'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee, nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the wars Yet look not strange, run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him

Jane Lives then my husband? Oh God, let me go, Let me embrace my Ralph

Hammon What means my Jane?

Jane Nay, what meant you, to tell me, he was slain? 50

Hammon Pardon me, dear love, for being misled 'Twas rumour'd here in London, thou wert dead

Firk Thou seest he lives Lass, go, pack home with him Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serving-man 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

Shoemakers Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him!

Hodge Hold, hold! 60

Hammon Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it!

Hodge Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman

Jane Whom should I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds 70
Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth
Therefore, I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owner's hand,
And after ever be thy constant wife

Hodge Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side, he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest Get thee home, Ralph, follow him, Jane, he shall not have so much as a busk-point from thee

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 237

Firk Stand to that, Ralph, the appurtenances are
thine own Hammon, look not at her! 80

Serving-man O, 'swoonds, no!

Firk Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery
else, we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day
for you Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you!
For thy head now,—one glance, one sheep's eye,
anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my
brethren beat you to clouts

Serving-man Come, Master Hammon, there's no
striving here

Hammon Good fellows, hear me speak, and, honest
Ralph,

Whom I have injured most by loving Jane, 90
Mark what I offer thee here in fair gold
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more

Hodge Sell not thy wife, Ralph make her not a
whore

Hammon Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in
her,

And let her be my wife?

All the shoemakers No, do not, Ralph

Ralph Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think
a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife
for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were
I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words 100

Firk A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? Oh,
indignity!

Hodge Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing

Hammon I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound
Since I have fail'd of her, during my life,
I vow, no woman else shall be my wife
Farewell, good fellows of the Gentle Trade

238 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made

Firk Touch the gold, creature, if you dare! ^[Exeunt] Y^eare
best be trudging Here, Jane, take thou it Now let's
home, my hearts 113

Hodge Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again
with thy mask!

Enter Lincoln, Lord Mayor, and Servants

Lincoln Yonder's the lying varlet mock'd us so

Lord Mayor Come hither, sirrah!

Firk I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you
not?

Lincoln Where is my nephew married? 120

Firk Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad
of it They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good
planet, Mars in Venus

Lord Mayor Villain, thou toldst me that my
daughter Rose

This morning should be married at Saint Faith's,
We have watched there these three hours at the least,
Yet see we no such thing

Firk Truly, I am sorry for't, a bride's a pretty
thing 129

Hodge Come to the purpose Yonder's the bride
and bridegroom you look for, I hope Though you
be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men
from women, are you?

Lord Mayor See, see, my daughter's mask'd

Lincoln True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame

Firk Yea, truly, God help the poor couple, they
are lame and blind

Lord Mayor I'll ease her blindness

Lincoln I'll his lameness cure

Firk [Aside to the Shoemakers] Lie down, sirs, and

137 blind] Firk puns on the possible alternative sense of
'blindfold'

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 239

laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy,
and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose This is all my
knavery

Lord Mayor What, have I found you, minion? 142

Lincoln O base wretch!

Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be wash'd off Where are thy powers?
What battles have you made? O yes, I see,
Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath con-
quer'd thee

This lameness will not serve

Lord Mayor Unmask yourself

Lincoln Lead home your daughter

Lord Mayor Take your nephew hence

Ralph Hence! 'Swounds, what mean you? Are
you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from
me Where's Hammon? 152

Lord Mayor Your wife?

Lincoln What Hammon?

Ralph Yea, my wife, and, therefore, the proudest
of you that lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch
'cross his pate

Firk To him, lame Ralph! Here's brave sport!

Ralph Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane
Look here else, do you know her now?— 160

Lincoln Is this your daughter?

Lord Mayor No, nor this your nephew
My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abus'd
By this base, crafty varlet

Firk Yea, forsooth, no varlet, forsooth, no base,
forsooth, I am but mean, no crafty neither, but of the
Gentle Craft

Lord Mayor Where is my daughter Rose? Where is
my child?

Lincoln Where is my nephew Lacy married?

Firk Why, here is good laced mutton, as I promis'd
you 170

169 mutton] cant term for a prostitute

240 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

Lincoln Villain, I'll have thee punish'd for this wrong

Firk Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker

Enter Dodger

Dodger My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news,
Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the lady mayoress
Besides, I learnt among the officers,
The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match 180

Lincoln Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too

Dodger Besides, his grace to-day dines with the mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault

Lincoln But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger Oteley,

The king will do us justice in this cause 189
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life [*Exeunt*

Firk Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools!
Ha, ha!—Oh if they had stay'd, I would have so lamb'd them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose, but let that pass, as my lady mayoress says 197

Hodge This matter is answer'd Come, Ralph, home with thy wife Come, my fine shoemakers, let's to our master's, the new lord mayor, and there swagger

194 lamb'd] whipped flouts] taunts, jeers 194-5
codpiece-point] lace joining breeches in front

SC II THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 241

this Shrove Tuesday I'll promise you wine enough,
for Madge keeps the cellar 202

All O rare! Madge is a good wench

Firk And I'll promise you meat enough, for
simpering Susan keeps the larder I'll lead you to
victuals, my brave soldiers, follow your captain
O brave! Hark, hark! [Bell rings

All The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell!
Trill, my hearts! 209

Firk O brave! O sweet bell! O delicate pancakes!
Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows!
keep in the house, let out the pancakes! Oh, rare,
my hearts! Let's march together for the honour of
Saint Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious Street
corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath
built

Ralph O the crew of good fellows that will dine at
my lord mayor's cost to-day!

Hodge By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave
man How shall prentices be bound to pray for him
and the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's
feed and be fat with my lord's bounty 222

Firk O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my
brethren! There's cheer for the heavens venison
pasties walk up and down piping hot, like sergeants,
beef and brewis comes marching in dry-fats, fritters
and pancakes comes trowling in in wheel-barrows,
hens and oranges hopping in porters' baskets, collops
and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes
quavering in in malt-shovels 230

Enter more prentices

All Whoop, look here, look here!

Hodge How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

1st prentice Whither? Why, to the great new hall,

214 great new hall] see v v 135-9 219 brave] fine
226 brewis] broth dry-fats] hogsheads

242 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

know you not why? The lord mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning

All Oh, brave shoemaker, oh, brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship! Whoo! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings [*Cast up caps*]

Firk Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor, we may shut up our shops, and make holiday I'll have it call'd Saint Hugh's Holiday 243

All Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday

Hodge And this shall continue for ever

All Oh, brave! Come, come, my hearts! Away, away!

Firk O eternal credit to us of the Gentle Craft! March fair, my hearts! Oh, rare! [*Exeunt*]

Scene III

Enter King and his Train over the stage

King Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant?

Nobleman One of the merriest madcaps in your land

Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor
Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty,
In all his actions that concern his state,
He is as serious, provident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years

King I am with child till I behold this huff-cap, 10
But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dash'd clean out of countenance

Nobleman It may be so, my liege

King Which to prevent
Let some one give him notice, 'tis our pleasure

10 with child] in suspense huff-cap] madcap

SC III THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 243

That he put on his wonted merriment
Set forward¹

All On afore¹

[*Exeunt*]

Scene IV

*Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and other Shoemakers,
all with napkins on their shoulders*

Eyre Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers, soft, where be these cannibals, these varlets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign

Firk O my lord, it will be rare¹ 8

Eyre No more, Firk, come, lively! Let your fellow prentices want no cheer, let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lambskins. Rip, knaves, avaunt! Look to my guests!

Hodge My lord, we are at our wits' end for room, those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them

Eyre Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk about, my numble Firk! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honour of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Firk?²

Firk Tickle it? Some of them have taken their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer, but for meat, they would eat it, an they had it

Eyre Want they meat? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchenstuff cook? Call the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall

18 Avoid] away with you!

244 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avaunt, Hodge!

Hodge Your lordship mistakes my man Firk, he means, their bellies want meat, not the boards, for they have drunk so much, they can eat nothing ³³

Enter Lacy, Rose, and Margery

Margery Where is my lord?

Eyre How now, Lady Madgy?

Margery The king's most excellent majesty is new come, he sends me for thy honour, one of his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth, but let that pass ⁴²

Eyre Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren, look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose?

Lacy Let me request you to remember me. I know your honour easily may obtain Free pardon of the king for me and Rose, And reconcile me to my uncle's grace ⁵⁰

Eyre Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman, look cheerily! I'll fall upon both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon

Margery Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace ⁵⁶

Eyre Away, you Islington whitepot! hence, you hopperarse! you barley-pudding full of maggots! you broil'd carbonado! avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophilus! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap,

⁵⁷ whitepot] custard ⁵⁹ carbonado] steak ⁶¹
Miniver-cap] fur cap, the prerogative of wealthier citizens' wives

SC IV THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 245

vanish, go, trip and go, meddle with your partlets and your pishery-pashery, your flewes and your whurligigs, go, rub, out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign? No! Come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Firk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London

71

Firk Hey, for the honour of the shoemakers

Exeunt

Scene V

A long flourish or two Enter King, Nobles, Eyre, Margery, Lacy, Rose Lacy and Rose kneel

King Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here

Eyre So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren,
the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet
majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this
honour you have done poor Simon Eyre I beseech
your grace, pardon my rude behaviour, I am a
handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft, I would
be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend
my king

13

King Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even
as merry

62 partlets] collars or ruffs 63 flewes] properly the
chaps of a hound, here perhaps the flaps of a hood
(Wheeler) 65 Soliman] *Soliman and Perseda*, probably by
Thomas Kyd, was written in or before 1592, probably
about 1588 Tamburlaine] the two parts of Marlowe's
Tamburlaine are generally dated 1587 and 1588 1 fact]
deed

246 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

As if thou wert among thy shoemakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour

Eyre Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian?
Then, humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely
born By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as
merry as a pie 20

King Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou
art

Eyre My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker,
you see not a white hair on my head, not a grey in
this beard Every hair, I assure thy majesty, that
sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of
Babylon's ransom, Tamar Cham's beard was a
rubbing brush to't yet I'll shave it off, and stuff
tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king 28

King But all this while I do not know your age

Eyre My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet
I can cry Humph! with a sound heart for the honour
of Saint Hugh Mark this old wench, my king I
danc'd the shaking of the sheets with her six and
thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three
young lord mayors ere I die I am lusty still, Sim
Eyre still Care and cold lodging brings white hairs
My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy
nobles, it will make thee look always young like
Apollo, and cry Humph! Prince am I none, yet am
I princely born 40

King Ha, ha! Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see
his like?

Nobleman Not I, my lord

Enter Lincoln and Lord Mayor

King Lincoln, what news with you?

Lincoln My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,
For there are traitors here

All Traitors! Where? Who?

Eyre Traitors in my house? God forbid! Where

SC V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 247

be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm

King Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoln Here he stands

King Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy!—Lincoln, speak,
What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge? 50

Lincoln This, my dear liege your Grace, to do me honour,

Heap'd on the head of this degenerate boy
Desertless favours, you made choice of him,
To be commander over powers in France
But he——

King Good Lincoln, prithee pause a while!
Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak
I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,
Into vile treason——

Lincoln Is he not a traitor?

King Lincoln, he was, now have we pardoned him
'Twas not a base want of true valour's fire, 61
That held him out of France, but love's desire

Lincoln I will not bear his shame upon my back

King Nor shalt thou, Lincoln, I forgive you both

Lincoln Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed

King Are they not married?

Lincoln No, my liege

Both We are

King Shall I divorce them then? O be it far,
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty, 70
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands,
That are conjoin'd in holy nuptial bands
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Lacy Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign

King But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forgo
52 degenerate] degenerate, false to birth and breeding
53 desertless] undeserved

248 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

Rose If Rose were ask'd that question, she'd say no
King You hear them, Lincoln?

Lincoln Yea, my liege, I do

King Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers? 79

Lord Mayor I do, my gracious lord, I am her father

King Sir Roger Oteley, our last mayor, I think?

Nobleman The same, my liege

King Would you offend Love's laws?

Well, you shall have your wills You sue to me,

To prohibit the match Soft, let me see—

You are both married, Lacy, art thou not?

Lacy I am, dread sovereign

King Then, upon thy life,

I charge thee not to call this woman wife

Lord Mayor I thank your grace

Rose O my most gracious lord!

[*Kneel*

King Nay, Rose, never woo me, I tell you true,
 Although as yet I am a bachelor, 90

Yet I believe, I shall not marry you

Rose Can you divide the body from the soul,
 Yet make the body live?

King Yea, so profound?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide

Fair maid, this bridegroom cannot be your bride

Are you pleas'd, Lincoln? Oteley, are you pleas'd?

Both Yes, my lord

King Then must my heart be eas'd,

For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,

Till these whom I divorc'd, be join'd again

Lacy, give me thy hand, Rose, lend me thine! 100

Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine

At night, lovers, to bed!—Now, let me see,

Which of you all dislikes this harmony.

SC V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 249

Lord Mayor Will you then take from me my child
perforce?

King Why, tell me, Oteley shines not Lacy's name
As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen?

Lincoln Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he,
Her blood is too too base

King Lincoln, no more
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood, 110
Cares not for difference of birth or state?
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bare necessity, and, as I hear,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures,
To gain her love, became a shoemaker
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it Lacy, kneel thee down!—
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now, 120
Tell me in earnest, Oteley, canst thou chide,
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

Lord Mayor I am content with what your grace
hath done

Lincoln And I, my liege, since there's no remedy

King Come on, then, all shake hands I'll have
you friends,

Where there is much love, all discord ends
What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre O my liege, this honour you have done to my
fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these
favours which you have shown to me this day in my
poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one
dozen of warm summers more than he should 132

King Nay, my mad lord mavor—that shall be thy
name,—

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'll do thee that new building,

250 THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY ACT V

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from us, we'll have it call'd
The Leadenhall, because in digging it
You found the lead that covereth the same

Eyre I thank your majesty

Margery God bless your grace!

King Lincoln, a word with you! 141

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and more Shoemakers

Eyre How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king

King With the old troop which there we keep in pay,
We will incorporate a new supply
Before one summer more pass o'er my head,
France shall repent England was injured
What are all those?

Lacy All shoemakers, my liege,
Sometimes my fellows, in their companies
I liv'd as merry as an emperor 150

King My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre All shoemakers, my liege, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers, they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh

All the shoemakers God save your majesty!

King Mad Simon, would they anything with us?

Eyre Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do't,
I warrant you — They are all beggars, my liege, all for themselves, and I for them all, on both my knees do entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week 164

King Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times

Sc V THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 251

Will this content you?

All Jesus bless your grace!

Eyre In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more. 172

King What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence

King I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts, Already have I been too troublesome, Say, have I not?

Eyre O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken un-awares upon a day of shroving, which I promis'd long ago to the prentices of London For, an't please your highness, in time past, 182

I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back,
And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,

It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 'tis now,
gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the prentices This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered, they are gone home and vanish'd,

Yet add more honour to the Gentle Trade, 192

Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made

King Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer —
Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home!
When all our sports and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have
begun [Exeunt

THE MERRY DEVIL OF
EDMONTON

ANONYMOUS

The Merry Devil of Edmonton

Acted between 1601 and 1604, printed in 1608

[In *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, ed C F Tucker
Brooke, Oxford, 1908]

S'è vero che gli uomini si conoscon dalle opere sappiamo tante cose d'Ignoto! Direi anzi, se potessi esser creduto, che egli è stato il personaggio più importante della storia, il massimo eroe dell' umanità

Gli uomini, in generale, son troppo inclinati a dar importanza a tutto ciò che ha un nome ed è legittimato da una firma, da una stampa, o da un foglio d'archivio

G PAPINI, *Ignoto*



THE
MERRY DEVILL
OF
EDMONTON.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,
by his Maiesties Seruants, at the
Globe, on the banke-side.*



L O N D O N

Printed by *Henry Ballard* for *Arthur Iohnson*, dwelling
at the signe of the white-hoife in *Paules Church*
yard, ouer against the great North
doore of *Paules*. 1608.

Dramatis Personae

SIR ARTHUR CLARE
SIR RICHARD MOUN-
CHENSEY

SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM
HARRY CLARE
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY

FRANK JERNINGHAM
PETER FABELL, *the Merry
Devil*

COREB, *a Spirit*

BLAGUE, *the Host*

SIR JOHN, *a Priest*

BANKS, *the Miller of Waltham.*

SMUG, *the Smith of Edmonton*

Sexton

BILBO

BRIAN

RALPH, *Brian's man*

FRIAR HILDERSHAM

BENEDICK

Chamberlain

LADY DORCAS CLARE

MILLICENT CLARE, *her
Daughter*

The Prioress of Cheston
Nunnery

Nuns and Attendants

The Prologue

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene¹

To which intent, to calm this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells,
If that your listening ears be yet prepar'd
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience

'Tis Peter Fabell, a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot 10

By all the writers of this latter age
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven mile from this great famous city,
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was call'd the merry Fiend of Edmonton
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,

His monument remaineth to be seen,
His memory yet in the mouths of men, 20

That whilst he liv'd he could deceive the Devil
Imagine now that whilst he is retir'd

From Cambridge back unto his native home,
Suppose the silent, sable-visag'd night

Casts her black curtain over all the world,
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,

Toil'd with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and hour wherein that spirit

That many years attended his command,
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that town 30

Had in a minute borne him through the air,
By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,

5 ring this round] draw this magic circle 10 still]
always 27 Toil'd] wearied 32 composition]
agreement

Comes now to claim the scholar for his due

Behold him here, laid on his restless couch,
[*Draw the curtains*

His fatal chime prepared at his head,

His chamber guarded with these sable sleights,

And by him stands that necromantic chair,

In which he makes his direful invocations,

And binds the fiends that shall obey his will

Sit with a pleased eye, until you know

The comic end of our sad tragic show

⁴⁰
[*Exit*

36 sable sleights] devices of black magic.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON

Induction

*The Chime goes, in which time Fabell is oft seen to stare
about him, and hold up his hands*

Fab What means the tolling of this fatal chime?
O, what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffen'd hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles of a porcupine

Enter Coreb, a Spirit

Cor Fabell, awake! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell

Fab Ha, ha,
Why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?

Cor 'Tis I

Fab I know thee well I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach, 11
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence,
And this distemper'd and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil

Cor Come, art thou ready?

Fab Whither? or to what?

Cor Why, Scholar, thus the hour my date expires,
I must depart, and come to claim my due

Fab Ha, what is thy due?

Cor Fabell, thyself!

Fab O, let not darkness hear thee speak that
word,

Lest that with force it hurry hence amain, 20
And leave the world to look upon my woe
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,

And let a little sparrow with her bill
 Take but so much as she can bear away,
 That, every day thus losing of my load,
 I may again in time yet hope to rise

Cor Didst thou not write thy name in thine own
 blood,

And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me,
 And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fab Why com'st thou in this stern and horrid
 shape, 30

Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont?

Cor Because the date of thy command is out,
 And I am master of thy skill and thee

Fab Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
 I have earnest business for a private friend,
 Reserve me, spirit, until some further time

Cor I will not for the mines of all the earth

Fab Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world
 Dispatch some business that I have to do,
 And in mean time repose thee in that chair 40

Cor Fabel, I will [Sit down

Fab O, that this soul, that cost so great a price
 As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
 Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone
 Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
 Even lead him down into the depth of hell,
 When men in their own pride strive to know more
 Than man should know!

For this alone God cast the angels down

The infinity of arts is like a sea, 50

Into which, when man will take in hand to sail
 Further than reason, which should be his pilot,
 Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass,
 He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
 As he doth lose the very sight of heaven

The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,

32 date] period, time 45 Which powers] in
 which (sc knowledge) man is so inferior to the spirits

The further still he finds himself from land
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil

Cor Come, Fabell, hast thou done?

Fab Yes, yes, come hither! 60

Cor Fabell, I cannot

Fab Cannot?—What ails your hollowness?

Cor Good Fabell, help me!

Fab Alas! where lies your grief? some aqua-vitae!
The Devil's very sick, I fear he'll die,
For he looks very ill

Cor Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's dread name Coreb conjures thee
To set him free

Fab I will not for the mines of all the earth, 70
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me

Cor Fabell, I give it thee

Fab Swear, damned fiend!

Cor Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch
thee,

Till seven years from this hour be full expir'd

Fab Enough, come out

Cor A vengeance take thy art!

Live and convert all piety to evil,
Never did man thus over-reach the Devil
No time on earth, like Phaetonic flames,
Can have perpetual being I'll return 80

To my infernal mansion, but be sure,
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry,
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabell carry [Exit

Fab Then, thus betwixt us two this variance ends,
Thou to thy fellow fiends, I to my friends! [Exit

79-80 No time being] Like Phaeton's flames all
earthly periods must have an end Phaeton almost de-
stroyed the world by his failure to manage the flaming
chariot of his father the Sun, but Jove destroyed him in
time to prevent the catastrophe

Act I Scene I

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas, his lady, Millicent, his daughter, young Harry Clare, the men booted, the Gentlewomen in cloaks and safeguards Blague, the merry Host of the George, comes in with them

Host Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements, goods and chattels! Madame, here's a room is the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it, I built it out of the centre, and I drink ne'er the less sack Welcome, my little waste of maidenheads! What? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk

Sir Ar God-a-mercy, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seat here 10

Host 'Tis correspondent or so there's not a Tartarian nor a carrier shall breathe upon your geldings, they have villainous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linen Knights and lords too have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies

Har Prithee, good sinful innkeeper, will that corruption, thine ostler, look well to my gelding Hey, a pox o' these rushes!

Host You, Saint Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake By the body of St George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison now, when wast thou in the forest? 23

Har Away, you stale mess of white broth! Come hither, sister, let me help you

Sir Ar Mine host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last din'd here?

11-12 Tartarian] thief 18 rushes] with which the floor was strewn for warmth and cleanliness before the days of carpets

Host The knight's not yet apparent—Marry, here's a forerunner that summons a parle, and saith, he'll be here top and top-gallant presently ³¹

Sir Ar 'Tis well Good mine host, go down, and see breakfast be provided

Host Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down, I am for the baser element of the kitchen I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foeman, or, like a courtier, that must not show the Prince his posteriors, I vanish to know my canvasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serve the good Duke of Norfolk [Exit

Sir Ar How doth my Lady? are you not weary, Madam? 41

Come hither, I must talk in private with you,
My daughter Millicent must not overhear

Mil [Aside] Ay, whispering? pray God it tend my good! Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood

Sir Ar You know our meeting with the knight
Mounchensey

Is to assure our daughter to his heir

L Dor 'Tis, without question

Sir Ar Two tedious winters have past o'er, since first

These couple lov'd each other, and in passion 50
Glu'd first their naked hands with youthful moisture—

Just so long, on my knowledge

L Dor And what of this?

Sir Ar This morning should my daughter lose her name,

And to Mounchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his scutcheon, th' affiance, made
'Twixt him and her, this morning should be seal'd

³¹ top and top-gallant] under all sail, at full speed
(Walker) ³⁹ canvasadoes] sudden or night attacks,

or perhaps the Host's expansion of 'canvasses', 'inquiries'
⁴⁷ assure] betroth.

L Dor I know it should

Sir Ar But there are crosses, wife,—here's one in Waltham,

Another at the Abbey, and the third

At Cheston, and 'tis ominous to pass

60

Any of these without a pater-noster

Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,

Whilst that we two, like spirits, walk in night

About those stony and hard-hearted plots

Mil [*Aside*] O God, what means my father?

Sir Ar For look you, wife, the riotous old knight Hath overrun his annual revenue

In keeping jolly Christmas all the year

The nostrils of his chimney are still stuff'd

With smoke, more chargeable than cane-tobacco

His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple, 71

His leanest curs eat him hounds' carrion

Besides, I heard of late, his younger brother,

A Turkey merchant, hath sore suck'd the knight

By means of some great losses on the sea,

That, you conceive me, before God, all's naught,

His seat is weak Thus, each thing rightly scann'd,

You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land

Mil [*Aside*] Treason to my heart's truest sovereign! How soon is love smothered in foggy gain!

L Dor But how shall we prevent this dangerous match? 81

Sir Ar I have a plot, a trick, and this it is—

Under this colour I'll break off the match

I'll tell the knight that now my mind is chang'd

58 crosses] pun on two senses, (a) impediments, (b) way-side shrines 70 cane-tobacco] plug tobacco 71-2 His hawks carrion] His hawks are given such food as his best dogs should have and his stray mongrels what would be fit for his best hounds (But the passage is probably corrupt) 74 Turkey merchant] merchant trading into Turkey 78 a flight of his land] *sc* to the moneylenders 83 colour] pretence

For marrying of my daughter for I intend
To send her unto Cheston Nunnery

Mil [*Aside*] O me accurst!

Sir Ar There to become a most religious nun

Mil [*Aside*] I'll first be buried quick

Sir Ar To spend her beauty in most private prayers

Mil [*Aside*] I'll sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father

Sir Ar How dost like my plot?

L Dor Exceeding well, but is it your intent
She shall continue there?

Sir Ar Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a jest!

You know a virgin may continue there

A twelvemonth and a day only on trial

There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,

And in meantime I'll compass a fair match

'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir 100

Of Sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest—

I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey

L Dor Your care argues the love you bear our
child,

I will subscribe to anything you'll have me [*Exeunt*

Mil You will subscribe to it! Good, good, 'tis well,

Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell

My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,

Ere to thy heart Millicent prove untrue [*Exit*

Scene II

Enter Blague

Host Ostlers, you knaves and commanders, take
the horses of the knights and competitors your
honourable hulks have put into harbour, they'll take
in fresh water here, and I have provided clean
chamber-pots *Via*, they come!

Enter Sir Richard Mounchensey, Sir Ralph Jerningham, *young* Frank Jerningham, Raymond Mounchensey, Peter Fabell, *and* Bilbo

Host The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy

Sir Rich God-a-mercy, good mine host

Sir Ralph Thanks, good host Blague 9

Host Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them, let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Gibaltars, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger Ha, I'll caper in mine own fee-simple Away with punctilios and orthography! I serve the good Duke of Norfolk Bilbo, *Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*

Bil Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade still I have a villainous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast 20

Host Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournment What! we know our terms of hunting and the sea-card

Bil And do you serve the good Duke of Norfolk still?

Host Still, and still, and still, my soldier of St Quentin's! Come, follow me, I have Charles' Wain below in a butt of sack, 'twill glister like your crab-fish 29

7 knights of the subsidy] mere knights of the shire, whose business it is to vote money, not men of the old warlike class (Walker) 12 Gibaltars] Gibraltar apes 16 *Tityre, fagi*] Vergil, *Ecl* 1. 1 'Tityrus, happily thou liest tumbling under a beech-tree' (Webbe, 1586) 17-18 Bilbo only blade] pun on (a) the speaker's name, (b) the Bilboa sword 23 sea-card] compass 26-7 soldier of St Quentin's] veteran, the town was stormed in 1557 28-9 crab-fish] phosphorescent when decaying, the preceding allusion to *Ursa Major* (Charles's Wain) suggested another to *Cancer* (the Crab)

Bil You have fine scholar-like terms, your Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it Come, my host, let's serve the good Duke of Norfolk 33

Host And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk [*Exeunt Host and Bilbo*]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Harry Clare, and Millicent

Sir Ralph Good Sir Arthur Clare!

Sir Ar What gentleman is that? I know him not.

Sir Rich 'Tis Master Fabell, sir, a Cambridge scholar, My son's dear friend

Sir Ar Sir, I entreat you know me

Fab Command me, sir, I am affected to you 40
For your Mouchensey's sake

Sir Ar Alas, for him,

I not respect whether he sink or swim!

A word in private, Sir Ralph Jerningham

Ray Methinks your father looketh strangely on me
Say, love, why are you sad?

Mil I am not, sweet,
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet

Sir Ar Shall's in to breakfast? After we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed

Mil Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed

Frank Raymond Mouchensey, come, be frolic,
friend, 51

This is the day thou hast expected long

Ray Pray God, dear Jerningham, it prove so happy

Frank There's nought can alter it! Be merry, lad!

Fab There's nought shall alter it! Be lively,
Raymond!

Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope [*Exeunt*

30-1 Cooper's Dictionary] *Thesaurus linguae romanae & britannicae*, a Latin-English dictionary published in 1565
47 Shall's shall us, *sc* shall we

Scene III

Peter Fabell, solus

Fab Good old Mouchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royal parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn,
And after all these promises by Clare—
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other, 10
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden Is't even so?
Raymond Mouchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peterhouse highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st? 20
We'll first hang Enfield in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford Bridge,
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep in every field
We may perhaps be cross'd, but, if we be,
He shall cross the Devil, that but crosses me.

*Enter Raymond, young Frank Jerningham, and young
Harry Clare*

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad,
And here's the gallant that must have the wench 30

Frank I prithee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps

Revive thy spirits, thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As Mirth herself!

If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou may'st thyself assure

Ray Ha, Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face 40
Of winter

From thee they have some power upon my blood,
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear,
From thee it cannot

Frank If I understand thee, I am a villain
What, dost thou speak in parables to thy friends?

Harry Come, boy, and make me this same groaning
love,

Troubled with stitches and the cough o'th' lungs, 50
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at hoodman-blind,
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks,
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love

Fab Why, how now, madcap? What, my lusty Frank,

31 dumps] depression (not at this time an undignified
expression) 38-46 if any but thyself From thee it
cannot] offers of assistance from any but Jerningham would
seem cold to Mouchensey, because of the inability of any
one else to help him, yet he could believe in the sincerity of
such offers from anybody except Jerningham, who is to
profit by the injustice done him (Tucker Brooke) 52
hoodman-blind] blind man's buff 53 her] love jerk]
dance jerkily

So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
 But you will to this gear in hugger-mugger,
 Art thou turn'd miser, rascal, in thy loves? 60

Frank Who, I? 'Sblood, what should all you see in
 me, that I should look like a married man, ha? Am
 I bald? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feel
 anything in my forehead, I am a villain! Do I wear
 a nightcap? do I bend in the hams? What dost thou
 see in me, that I should be towards marriage, ha?

Harry What, thou married? let me look upon thee,
 rogue Who has given out this of thee? how cam'st
 thou into this ill name? What company hast thou
 been in, rascal? 70

Fab You are the man, sir, must have Millicent
 The match is making in the garden now,
 Her jointure is agreed on, and th' old men,
 Your fathers, mean to launch their busy bags,
 But in meantime to thrust Mounchensey off,
 For colour of this new intended match,
 Fair Millicent to Cheston must be sent,
 To take the approbation for a nun
 Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done

Frank Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy
 grief 80

With the true feeling of a zealous friend
 And as for fair and beauteous Millicent,
 With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
 Her angel-like perfections, but thou know'st
 That Essex hath the saint that I adore
 Where e'er did we meet thee and wanton springs,
 That like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
 And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
 How many a sad and weary summer night

64 forehead] the perennial Elizabethan joke on horns
 as a sign of cuckoldry 74 bags] *sc.* money-bags 76
 colour] camouflage 78 approbation] period of pro-
 bation 86 wanton springs] carefree youths 88
 regardless] *sc.* of my feelings

My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth, 90
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day
But, dear Mouchensey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I would wrong the chase, and overgive love
Of one so worthy and so true a friend, 100
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit

Ray Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
There time or death can by their power control

Fab Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy,
And were he not my pupil, I would say
He were as fine a mettled gentleman, 110
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England, and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mouchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Harry Raymond Mouchensey? I would have thee
know,
He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love
More than Mouchensey's 120
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love

99 overgive] surrender 115-16 What grace]
how far do your generous feelings reciprocate Mouchen-
sey's high esteem of you? 122 parts] qualities

But since the matter grows unto this pass,
 I must not seem to cross my father's will,
 But when thou list to visit her by night,
 My horses saddled, and the stable door
 Stands ready for thee, use them at thy pleasure
 In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
 And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy! 130

Ray Then, care, away! Let fates my fall pretend,
 Back'd with the favours of so true a friend!

Fab Let us alone, to bustle for the set,
 For age and craft with wit and art have met
 I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
 Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam cross,
 The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
 And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in
 The milkmaids' cuts shall turn the wenches off,
 And lay the dossers tumbling in the dust 140
 The frank and merry London prentices,
 That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
 Shall lose their way, and, scrambling in the ditches,
 All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
 Yet none to other find the way at all

Ray Pursue the project, scholar what we can do
 To help endeavour, join our lives thereto! [*Exeunt*]

Act II Scene I

Enter Banks, Sir John, and Smug

Banks Take me with you, good Sir John! A plague
 on thee, Smug! an thou touchest liquor, thou art

127-8 My horses ready for thee] the singular verb with
 a plural subject is common 131 pretend] intend (*sc* in
 vain, since I am backed &c) 133 bustle for] bestir
 ourselves to win 139 cuts] labouring horses turn
 off] throw 140 dossers] baskets 1 Take me
 with you] hear me out

founder'd straight What, are your brains always water-mills? must they ever run round?

Smug Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox, 'sheart, there's fire i' th' tail on 't, you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rearward A plague of this wind, O, it tickles our catastrophe 8

Sir John Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses, they are good both, smart both Hem, grass and hay! we are all mortal, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end

Banks Well said, Sir John, you are of the same humour still, and doth the water run the same way still, boy? 17

Smug Vulcan was a rogue to him, Sir John, lock, lock, lock fast, Sir John, so, Sir John I'll one of these years, when it shall please the goddesses and the destinies, be drunk in your company, that's all now, and God send us health Shall I swear I love you?

Sir John No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug, We'll wet our lips together and hug, Carouse in private, and elevate the heart, and the liver and the lights—and the lights, mark you me, within us, for, hem, grass and hay! we are all mortal, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end 29

Banks But to our former motion about stealing some venison, whither go we?

Sir John Into the forest, neighbour Banks, into Brian's walk, the mad keeper

Smug 'Sblood! I'll tickle your keeper

3 founder'd] drunk and incapable (literally lame, of a horse), cf below, II 1 35-6 straight] straightway
5 Philistine fox] the allusion is to the story of Samson tying firebrands to the foxes' tails (Walker) 8 catastrophe] rear end (used humorously of the human anatomy, as below, V II 12)

Banks I' faith, thou art always drunk when we have need of thee

Smug Need of me? 'sheart! you shall have need of me always while there's iron in an anvil

Banks Master Parson, may the smith go, think you, being in this taking? 40

Smug Go? I'll go in spite of all the bells in Waltham

Sir John The question is, good neighbour Banks—let me see the moon shines to-night,—there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forest,—his brain will be settled ere night, he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague at the George at Waltham, if he were here, our consort were full Look where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolk's man! and how? and how? ahem, grass and hay! we are not yet mortal, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end 53

Enter Host

Host Ha, my Castilian dialogues! and art thou in breath still, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading little Geneva print but wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer! I'll meet you at the time appointed Away, I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the Hungarians If we be scar'd in the forest, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield, is't correspondent? 62

Banks 'Tis well, but how, if any of us should be taken?

Smug He shall have ransom, by the Lord

Host Tush, the knave keepers are my bosonians and

49 consort] company 54 my Castilian dialogues]
 my fine friend is making a speech 56-7 Geneva print]
 strong drink 60 Hungarians] pun on 'hungry ones'
 62 correspondent] suitable, a good plan 66 bosonians]
 (more commonly besonians), needy ones

my pensioners Nine o'clock! be valiant, my little
Gogmagogs, I'll fence with all the Justices in Hert-
fordshire I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe
while I live Hold your bow straight and steady!
I serve the good Duke of Norfolk 71

Smug O rare! who-ho-ho, boy!

Sir John Peace, neighbour Smug! You see this is
a boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and
yet the citizen of good fellows Come, let's provide,
ahem, grass and hay! we are not yet all mortal, we'll
live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.
Come, Smug!

Smug Good night, Waltham—who-ho-ho, boy!

[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast again

Sir Rich Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalls,
And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

Sir Ar I do not hold thy offer competent,
Nor do I like th' assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts

Sir Rich Too good for thee, and, knight, thou
know'st it well,

I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion, that thy wife doth know

L Dor Husband, it was so, he lies not in that 10

Sir Ar Hold thy chat, quean

Sir Rich To which I heark'ned willingly, and the
rather,

Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy,
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,

68 Gogmagogs] giants (Gog and Magog) 75 citizen]
companion on equal terms 4 competent] adequate
6 brangled] rendered uncertain 9 motion] proposal
11 quean] wench

Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do
Nor is my poor distressed state so low,
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee

Sir Ar Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it, 20
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child

Sir Rich I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and
clear,

As the best drop that panteth in thy veins
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same

Sir Ar She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I mean to dedicate to God 30

Sir Rich You do, sir?

Sir Ar Sir, sir, I do, she is mine own

Sir Rich And pity she is so!—

[*Aside*] Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf!

Sir Ar Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my
child

Sir Rich Neither should'st thou bestow her where
thou mean'st

Sir Ar What wilt thou do?

Sir Rich No matter, let that be,
I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee
Thou hast wrong'd my love, and, by God's blessed
angel,

Thou shalt well know it

Sir Ar Tut, brave not me!

Sir Rich Brave thee, base churl! Were't not for
manhood sake— 40

I say no more, but that there be some by
Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
Which, being sturr'd, might make us both repent

This foolish meeting But, Harry Clare,
 Although thy father have abused my friendship,
 Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
 I do, i' faith

L Dor Ay, do, do, fill all the world with talk of us,
 man, man, I never look'd for better at your hands

Fab I hop'd your great experience and your years
 Would have prov'd patience rather to your soul, 51
 Than with this frantic and untamed passion
 To whet their skeins, and, but for that,

I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,
 And their minds temper'd with more kindly heat,
 Than for their froward parents' sores,
 That they should break forth into public brawls
 Howe'er the rough hand of th' untoward world
 Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
 Yet I am sure the first intent was love 60
 Thence since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
 Let it die gently, ne'er kill it with a scorn

Ray O thou base world! How leprous is that soul
 That is once lim'd in that polluted mud!
 O Sir Arthur, you have startled his free active spirits
 With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear
 Have patience, sir, the remedy to woe
 Is to leave what of force we must forego

Mil [*Aside*] And I must take a twelvemonth's
 approbation,

That in meantime this sole and private life 70

At the year's end may fashion me a wife
 But, sweet Mouchensey, ere this year be done,
 Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun
 And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
 I will turn mad to spite both him and thee

Sir Ar Wife, come, to horse, and, huswife, make you
 ready,

For, if I live, I swear by this good light,

53 skeins] Irish knives 56 sores] grievances 68 of
 force] perforce 73 Thou'st] thou shalt

I'll see you lodg'd in Cheston house to-night [*Exeunt*
Sir Rich Raymond, away! Thou seest how matters
 fall

Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf, and all! 80
Fab Now, Master Clare, you see how matters fadge,
 Your Millicent must needs be made a nun
 Well, sir, we are the men must ply this match
 Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,
 And send her unto Cheston, where he will,
 I'll send me fellows of a handful high
 Into the cloisters where the nuns frequent,
 Shall make them skip like does about the dale,
 And make the lady prioress of the house
 To play at leap-frog, naked in their smocks, 90
 Until the merry wenches at their mass
 Cry teehee weehee,
 And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
 Shall sprawl, and squeak, and pinch their fellow-nuns
 Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,
 I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose [*Exeunt*

Scene III

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerningham, Peter Fabell,
 and Millicent

Harry Spite now hath done her worst, sister, be
 patient!

Frank Forewarn'd poor Raymond's company! O
 heaven!

When the composure of weak frailty meet
 Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
 Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
 And wink on all deformities

81 fadge] proceed 83 ply] work at 85 where]
 wherever 2 Forewarn'd] warned off 3 composure
 of weak frailty] those composed of weak frailty (*sc* Sir
 Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham) 4 mart of
 dirt] money-market

Mil 'Tis well
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Moun-
chensey?

Would we might weep together and then part,
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart
Fab Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the thought
Of future reconcilment Let your tears 11

Show you a woman, but be no farther spent
Than from the eyes, for, sweet, experience says
That love is firm that's flattered with delays

Mil Alas, sir, think you I shall e'er be his?

Fab As sure as parting smiles on future bliss
Yond comes my friend see, he hath doted
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood,
For in true love music doth sweetly dwell 20
Sever'd, these less worlds bear within them hell

Enter Raymond Mouchensey

Ray Harry and Frank, you are enjoin'd to wean
Your friendship from me, we must part the breath
Of all advised corruption—pardon me!
Faith, I must say so, you may think I love you,
I breathe not rougher spite!—do sever us,
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend, by stealth you
twain,

Kisses are sweetest got with struggling pain

Frank Our friendship dies not, Raymond

Ray Pardon me

I am busied, I have lost my faculties, 30
And buried them in Millicent's clear eyes

Mil Alas, sweet love, what shall become of me?

12-13 be no farther the eyes] do not take your grief to
heart 21 less worlds] the microcosms of the disunited
youth and maid (Walker) 24 all advised corruption]
deliberate dishonesty (*sc* their fathers) 26 breathe not
rougher spite] use no angrier words (*sc* than 'advised
corruption')

I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more

Ray How, sweet?

I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu,—
This be a double charm to keep both true

Fab Have done your fathers may chance spy your
parting

Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go unto the nunnery, far from hence 40
Must we beget your love's sweet happiness
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed
Shall be more soft when nun and maid are dead

Enter Bilbo

Ray Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

Bil Marry, you must to horse presently, that
villanous old gouty churl, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till
he be at the nunnery

Harry How, sir?

Bil O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir,
indeed, but I am sure that there's less affinity betwixt
your two natures than there is between a broker and
a cutpurse 52

Ray Bring my gelding, sirrah

Bil Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor
wench, she must now cry *vale* to lobster pies, arti-
chokes, and all such meats of mortality Poor gentle-
woman! the sign must not be in *Virgo* any longer
with her, and that me grieves full well

Poor Millicent

Must pray and repent 60

O fatal wonder!

She'll now be no fatter,

43 when dead] when you are no longer either nun or
maiden 49 cry you mercy] beg your pardon 51
broker] pawnbroker 52 cutpurse] thief, pickpocket
55 *vale*] farewell

Love must not come at her,

Yet she shall be kept under

[Exit

Frank Farewell, dear Raymond

Harry Friend, adieu

Mil Dear sweet,

No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet [Exeunt

Fab Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent

Beats in thy face, but, ere't be long, the wind

Shall turn the flood We must to Waltham Abbey,

And as fair Millicent in Cheston lives, 70

A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there

Become a beardless novice, to what end,

Let time and future accidents declare

Taste thou my sleights, thy love I'll only share

Ray Turn friar? Come, my good counsellor, let's
go,

Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe [Exeunt

Act III Scene I

Enter the Prioress of Cheston, with a nun or two, Sir

Arthur Clare, Sir Ralph Jerningham, Henry and

Frank, the Lady, and Bilbo, with Millicent

L Dor Madam,

The love unto this holy sisterhood,

And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,

Hath truly won us to bestow our child

Rather on this than any neighbouring cell

Pri Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,

Holy mation, woman mild,

For thee a mass shall still be said,

Every Sister drop a bead,

And those again succeeding them 10

For you shall sing a requiem

Frank [Aside] The wench is gone, Harry, she is no
more a woman of this world Mark her well, she
looks like a nun already What think'st on her?

74 sleights] tricks

Harry [*Aside*] By my faith, her face comes handsomely to't But peace, let's hear the rest

Sir Ar Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,

We mean to make this trial of our child
Your care and our dear blessing, in meantime,
We pray, may prosper this intended work 20

Pri May your happy soul be blythe,
That so truly pay your tithe
He who many children gave,
'Tis fit that He one child should have
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell

Mil [*Aside*] Good men and true, stand together,
and hear your charge!

Pri First, a-mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look, 30
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy,
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys,
And for all your follies past
You must do penance, pray, and fast

Bil [*Aside*] Let her take heed of fasting, and if
ever she hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust
beast

Mil [*Aside*] This goes hard, by'r Lady! 40

Pri You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and tell your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins,
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure

Mil [*Aside*] Worse and worse, by Saint Mary!

Frank [*Aside*] Sirrah Hal, how does she hold her

25 spell] discourse	32 motions] emotions	33
busk] corset	41 sacring bell] small bell rung at the	
elevation of the host	44 Latins] Latin psalms	

countenance? Well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove
a nun, I'll build an Abbey 50

Harry [*Aside*] She may be a nun, but if ever
she prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my
nails

Frank [*Aside*] To her again, mother!

Harry [*Aside*] Hold thine own, wench!

Pri You must read the morning's mass,

You must creep unto the cross,

Put cold ashes on your head,

Have a hair-cloth for your bed

Bil [*Aside*] She had rather have a man in her
bed 61

Pri Bid your beads, and tell your needs,

Your holy *aves*, and your creeds,

Holy maid, this must be done,

If you mean to live a nun

Mil [*Aside*] The holy maid will be no nun

Sir Ar Madam, we have some business of import,
And must be gone

Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind, 70
And so, good madam, for this time adieu

[*Exeunt women*]

Sir Ralph Well now, Frank Jerningham, how sayest
thou?

To be brief,—

What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,

Her father and myself, can bring about

That we convert this nun to be a wife,

And thou the husband to this pretty nun?

How then, my lad? ha, Frank, it may be done

Harry [*Aside*] Ay, now it works

Frank O God, sir, you amaze me at your words,
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were 81

To cause a recluse to remove her vow

52 anchoress] forbidden to see men 82 remove]
change, i e recall

A maimed, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fix'd on
heaven,

To draw a virgin, thus devour'd with zeal,
Back to the world O impious deed!
Nor by the canon law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the Church,
Besides, she is so prone unto this life, 90
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband nam'd

Bil [*Aside*] Ay, a poor innocent she! Well,
here's no knavery! He flouts the old fools to their
teeth

Sir Ralph Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience,
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen
But Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself, 100
To thrust Mounchensey's nose besides the cushion,
That, being thus debarr'd of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires

Bil [*Aside*] A plague on you both for a couple of
Jews!

Harry How now, Frank, what say you to that?

Frank Let me alone, I warrant thee
Sir, assur'd that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection, 110
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham Abbey,
To be absolv'd of things that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know

101 thrust cushion] disappoint Mounchensey 108
Let me alone] trust me

Sir Ralph With all my heart He is a reverend man, and to-morrow morning we will meet all at the Abbey, 120

Where by th' opinion of that reverend man
We will proceed, I like it passing well
Till then we part, boy, ay, think of it, farewell!
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell [*Exeunt*]

Scene II

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mouchensey,
like a Friar*

Sir Ar Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care
And see,
Our serious speech hath stol'n upon the way,
That we are come unto the Abbey gate
Because I know Mouchensey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be seen, not I, tush, I have done,
I had a daughter, but she's now a nun 10
Farewell, dear son, farewell [*Exit*]

Ray Fare you well!—Ay, you have done!
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun
O my rare tutor, never mortal brain
Plotted out such a mass of policy,
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fallen in labour with her joy
O my true friends, Frank Jerningham and Clare,
Did you now know but how this jest takes fire— 20
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even pour'd himself into my bosom,

5 stol'n upon] *sc* stolen so much of our attention while
we were upon the way 16 dear] inmost

O, you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth!
 But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
 For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out

Peace and charity within,
 Never touch'd with deadly sin,
 I cast my holy water pure
 On this wall and on this door,
 That from evil shall defend,
 And keep you from the ugly fiend
 Evil spirit, by night nor day,
 Shall approach or come this way,
 Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
 Day nor night shall haunt this place

30

Holy maidens!

[*Knock*

[*Answer within*] Who's that which knocks? ha,
 who's there?

Ray Gentle nun, here is a friar

Enter Nun

Nun A friar without, now Christ us save!
 Holy man, what wouldst thou have?

40

Ray Holy maid, I hither come
 From Friar and Father Hildersham,
 By the favour and the grace
 Of the Prioress of this place
 Amongst you all to visit one
 That's come for approbation,
 Before she was as now you are,
 The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare,
 But since she now became a nun,
 Call'd Millicent of Edmonton

50

Nun Holy man, repose you there,
 This news I'll to our Abbess bear,
 To tell her what a man is sent,
 And your message and intent

23 tickling] lively 48 Before she you are]
 grammar requires another 'she was'—'Before she was as
 now you are, she was the daughter, &c'

Ray Benedicite

Nun Benedicite

[*Exit*

Ray Do, my good plump wench, if all fall right,
I'll make your sisterhood one less by night
Now happy fortune speed this merry drift, 60
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift

Enter Lady Dorcas, Millicent

L Dor Have friars recourse then to the house of
nuns?

Mil Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,—
Lest that for fear or such sinister practice
She should be forc'd to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devo-
tion,—

A visitor is sent from Waltham House,
To take the true confession of the maid 69

L Dor Is that the order? I commend it well
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell [*Exit*

Ray Life of my soul! bright angel!

Mil What means the friar?

Ray O Millicent, 'tis I

Mil My heart misgives me, I should know that
voice

You? who are you? the Holy Virgin bless me!
Tell me your name you shall, ere you confess me

Ray Mounchensey, thy true friend

Mil My Raymond, my dear heart!

Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul,
To wake a little from this swoon of joy 80
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?

Ray By means of Peter Fabell, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of Friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,

65 sinister practice] evil design (*sc* be frightened or de-
ceived into doing it) 82-6 By means Clare] by
means of Peter Fabell who devised a plot for the

Plotted by Frank, by Fabell and myself,
 And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
 Who brought me here unto the Abbey gate,
 To be his nun-made daughter's visitor

Mil You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father
 O my dear life! I was a-dream'd to-night 90
 That, as I was a-praying in mine Psalter,
 There came a spirit unto me as I kneel'd,
 And by his strong persuasions tempted me
 To leave this nunnery and methought
 He came in the most glorious angel shape
 That mortal eye did ever look upon
 Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
 Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own

Ray O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
 To him whose likeness is but praise of thee! 100
 Thou bright, unsetting star, which through this veil,
 For very envy, mak'st the sun look pale!

Mil Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
 Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
 I this confess to my sweet ghostly father
 If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
 I have offended three years now with thee

Ray But do you yet repent you of the same?

Mil I' faith, I cannot

Ray Nor will I absolve thee
 Of that sweet sin, though it be venial, 110
 Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses,
 And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage
 That in the evening you bestow yourself

purpose, to be put in practice by Frank and by its
 means I was delivered to Sir Arthur Clare (But the
 passage is probably corrupt, 'Plotted by' will hardly bear
 this weight of meaning, and it is crude to say that 'Fabell
 Plotted by Fabell' Warnke and Proescholdt (1844)
 read 'Harry' for 'Fabell' in line 85 (cf line 151), and
 Tucker Brooke (1908) adds after line 84 a conjectural line
 'Helped me to act the part of priestly novice' 90 a-
 dream'd] in a dream.

Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase
No more reply, if that you yield consent—
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent 119

Mil Sweet life, farewell! 'Tis done let that suffice,
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes

[*Exit*

Enter Fabell, Harry Claie, and Frank Jerningham

Frank Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?

Harry Come, come, how does she, noble Capuchin?

Ray She may be poor in spirit, but for the flesh,
'Tis fat and plump, boys Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girls would turn you all friars

Fab But how, Mounchensey, how, lad, for the wench?

Ray Sound, lads, i' faith, I thank my holy habit,
I have confess'd her, and the Lady Prioress 129

Hath given me ghostly counsel with her blessing

And how say ye, boys,

If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Harry 'Sblood, she'll have ne'er a nun unbag'd to
sing mass then

Frank The Abbot of Waltham will have as many
children to put to nurse as he has calves in the marsh.

Ray Well, to be brief the nun will soon at night
turn tippet, if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of
the nunnery, she is mine own

Fab But, sirrah Raymond, 140
What news of Peter Fabell at the house?

Ray Tush, he's the only man,
A necromancer and a conjurer
That works for young Mounchensey altogether,
And if it be not for Friar Benedick,
That he can cross him by his learned skill,

133 unbag'd] unpregnant 138 turn tippet] change
(especially from spinsterhood to matrimony)

The wench is gone,

Fabell will fetch her out by very magic

Fab Stands the wind there, boy? Keep them in
that key,

The wench is ours before to-morrow day 150

Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen,
Stick to us close this once! You know your fathers

Have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston,

To watch the coast be clear, to scout about,

And have an eye unto Mouchensey's walks

Therefore you two may hover thereabouts,

And no man will suspect you for the matter,

Be ready but to take her at our hands,

Leave us to scramble for her getting out

Frank 'Sblood, if all Hertfordshire were at our heels,
We'll carry her away in spite of them 161

Harry But whither, Raymond?

Ray To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase,
He is mine honest friend and a tall keeper,

I'll send my man unto him presently

T' acquaint him with your coming and intent

Fab Be brief and secret!

Ray Soon at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground

Frank 'Tis done, no more!

Harry We will not fail the hour
My life and fortune now lies in your power 170

Fab About our business! Raymond, let's away!
Think of your hour, it draws well off the day

[*Exeunt*]

Act IV Scene I

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir John

Host Come, ye Hungarian pilchers, we are once
more come under the *zona torrida* of the forest Let's

159 scramble] struggle 164 tall] brave and good-
hearted i Hungarian] pun on 'hungry' pilchers]
thieves

be resolute, let's fly to and again, and if the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot What? 'Sfoot, I'll put fire into you, ye shall all three serve the good Duke of Norfolk

Smug Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk i' thy house twenty times and ten, all's one for that I was last night in the third heavens, my brain was poor, it had yeast in 't, but now I am a man of action, is 't not so, lad?

Banks Why, now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou may'st serve the Duke of Europe

14

Smug I will serve the Duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar than all the plate in his buttery, is 't not so, lad?

Sir John Mine host and Smug, stand there, Banks, you and your horse keep together, but lie close, show no tricks, for fear of the keeper If we be scar'd, we'll meet in the church porch at Enfield

21

Smug Content, Sir John

Banks Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fell'st out of last night?

Smug Tush, an't had been as high as the Abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself, I have fallen into the river, coming home from Waltham, and scap'd drowning

Sir John Come, sever, fear no spirits! We'll have a buck presently, we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host

31

Host Thou speak'st as true as velvet

Sir John Why then, come! Grass and hay, &c

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerminham, and Millicent

Harry Frank Jerminham!

4 put interrogatories] cross-examine him 19
close] hidden 33 Grass and hay, &c] *sc* the Priest
speaks his usual tag

Frank Speak softly, rogue, how now?

Harry 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark, whereabouts are we?

Frank Why, man, at Potter's Gate, the way lies right hark! the clock strikes at Enfield, what's the hour? 40

Harry Ten, the bell says

Frank A lies in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston Sir John and his sexton are at ale to-night, the clock runs at random

Harry Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villainous vicar is abroad in the Chase this dark night! the stone priest steals more venison than half the country

Frank Millicent, how dost thou?

Mil Sir, very well

I would to God we were at Brian's lodge

Harry We shall anon, zounds, hark! what means this noise? 50

Frank Stay, I hear horsemen

Harry I hear footmen too

Frank Nay, then I have it we have been discover'd, And we are followed by our fathers' men

Mil Brother and friend, alas, what shall we do?

Harry Sister, speak softly, or we are descri'd They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be, Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern, We'll get into the wood, and let them pass

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, and Banks, *one after another*

Sir John Grass and hay! we are all mortal, the keeper's abroad and there's an end 60

Banks Sir John!

Sir John Neighbour Banks, what news?

Banks Zwounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad, I was heard by 'em

42 A] he, *sc* the bell in's] in his 46-7 stone
priest] compare iv n 48-50

Sir John Grass and hay! where's mine host Blague?

Host Here, Metropolitan The Philistines are upon us, be silent, let us serve the good Duke of Norfolk But where is Smug? 68

Smug Here, a pox on ye all, dogs, I have kill'd the greatest buck in Brian's walk Shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up Let's meet in Enfield church porch, away, we are all taken else [Exeunt

Enter Brian, with Ralph, h's man, and his hound

Bri Ralph, hear'st thou any stirring?

Ralph I heard one speak here hard by, in the bottom Peace, master, speak low, zounds, if I did not hear a bow go off, and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life

Bri When went your fellows out into their walks?

Ralph An hour ago 79

Bri 'Slife, is there stealers abroad, and they cannot near of them where the devil are my men to-night? *Sirrah*, go up the wind towards Buckley's lodge!

I'll cast about the bottom with my hound

And I will meet thee under coney oak

Ralph I will, sir

Bri How now? by the mass, my hound stays upon something, hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark, there!

Mil Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!

Bri Peace, that's a woman's voice! Stand! who's there? Stand, or I'll shoot 90

Mil O Lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir

Bri Speak, who are you?

Mil I am a maid, sir, who? Master Brian?

Bri The very same, sure, I should know her voice, Mistress Millicent?

Mil Ay, it is I, sir

Bri God for his passion! what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my lodge an hour ago

86 stays upon] scents 98 make] do

What means your company to leave you thus? 100
Who brought you hither?

Mil My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham,
Who, hearing folks about us in the Chase,
Fear'd it had been Sir Ralph and my father,
Who had pursu'd us, thus dispersed ourselves,
Till they were past us

Bri But where be they?

Mil They be not far off, here about the grove

Enter Harry Clare and Frank Jerningham

Harry Be not afraid! man, I heard Brian's tongue,
That's certain 110

Frank Call softly for your sister

Harry Millicent!

Mil Ay, brother, here

Bri Master Clare!

Harry I told you it was Brian

Bri Who's that? Master Jerningham? You are a
couple of hot-shots, does a man commit his wench to
you, to put her to grass at this time of night?

Frank We heard a noise about here in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursu'd us, 120
Sever'd ourselves

Harry Brian, how happ'd'st thou on her?

Bri Seeking for stealers are abroad to-night,
My hound stayed on her, and so found her out

Harry They were these stealers that affrighted us,
I was hard upon them, when they hors'd their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper

Bri Which way took they?

Frank Towards Enfield

Bri A plague upon't, that's that damned priest,
and Blague of the George—he that serves the good
Duke of Norfolk 131

117 commit] entrust 123 stayed on] scented 125
hors'd] hoisted up.

A noise within Follow, follow, follow

Harry Peace, that's my father's voice

Bri Zounds, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed

Mil Alas, what shall we do?

Bri If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken,
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,

And if Mouchensey come, I'll send him t'ye

Let me alone to bustle with your father,

I warrant you that I will keep them play 140

Till you have quit the Chase, away, away!

[Exeunt all but Brian]

Who's there?

Enter the Knights

Sir Ralph In the king's name, pursue the ravisher!

Bri Stand, or I'll shoot

Sir Ar Who's there?

Bri I am the keeper that do charge you stand,
You have stolen my deer

Sir Ar We stol'n thy deer? we do pursue a thief

Bri You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer

Sir Ralph We are knights, Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir
Ralph Jerningham 150

Bri The more your shame, that knights should be
such thieves

Sir Ar Who or what art thou?

Bri My name is Brian, keeper of this walk

Sir Ralph O Brian, a villain!

Thou hast received my daughter to thy lodge

Bri You have stol'n the best deer in my walk to-night
My deer!

Sir Ar My daughter!

Stop not my way!

Bri What make you in my walk?

You have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

Sir Ar My daughter!

161

Bri My deer!

Sir Ar Where is Mouchensey?

Bri Where's my buck?

Sir Ar I will complain me of thee to the king

Bri I'll complain unto the king you spoil his game
'Tis strange that men of your account and calling
Will offer it!

I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph,
That none but you have only spoil'd my game

Sir Ar I charge you, stop us not!

171

Bri I charge you both ye get out of my ground!
Is this a time for such as you,
Men of your place and of your gravitv,
To be abroad a-thieving? 'Tis a shame,
And, afore God, if I had shot at you,
I had serv'd you well enough

[*Exeunt*

Scene II

Enter Banks the Miller, wet on his legs

Banks 'Sfoot, here's a dark night indeed! I think
I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the
forest Soft, here's Enfield Church I am so wet with
climbing over into an orchard for to steal some filberts
Well, here I'll sit in the church porch, and wait for
the rest of my consort

6

Enter the Sexton

Sex Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us!
Here was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the
best nutcracker that ever dwelt in Enfield Well,
'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew Lord bless
us, what a white thing is that in the church porch!
O Lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair
is too stiff for my nightcap, my heart fails, this is the
ghost of Theophilus O Lord, it follows me! I cannot

168 offer it] presume to do it 6 consort] band

say my prayers, an one would give me a thousand pound Good spirit, I have bowl'd and drunk and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you
O Lord!

19

Enter Priest

Sir John Grass and hay! we are all mortal Who's there?

Sex We are grass and hay indeed, I know you to be Master Parson by your phrase

Sir John Sexton!

Sex Ay, sir!

Sir John For mortality's sake, what's the matter?

Sex O Lord, I am a man of another element, Master Theophilus' ghost is in the church porch There was a hundred cats, all five, dancing here even now, and they clomb up to the top of the steeple, I'll not into the belfry for a world

31

Sir John O good Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night O Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls, if I lie, I am an arrant thief mortality haunts us—grass and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage

[Exeunt]

The Miller comes out very softly

Banks What noise was that? 'Tis the watch, sure, that villainous unlucky rogue, Smug, is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our villainy comes out, I heard one cry, sure

40

Enter Host Blague

Host If I go steal any more venison, I am a paradox! 'Sfoot, I can scarce bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy, if I turn not honest and serve the

27 of another element] doomed to leave this world (Walker), or perhaps 'of a changed nature', 'reformed'.
40 one] some one

good Duke of Norfolk, as true mareterraneum skinker should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable

Banks By the Lord, there are some watchmen, I hear them name Master Constable, I would to God my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence 50

Host Who's there?

Banks 'Tis the constable, by this light, I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself

[*Exit*

Host What the devil is that white thing? this same is a churchyard, and I have heard that ghosts and villainous goblins have been seen here

Enter Sexton and Priest

Sir John Grass and hay! O that I could conjure! We saw a spirit here in the churchyard, and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet 61

Sex It may be a woman's body, Sir John

Sir John If she be a woman, the sheets damn her, Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

Host Priest!

Sir John Mine host!

Host Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile?

Sex O no, mine host but there sat one in the porch, I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil 71

Host Who's that?

Sir John The sexton, almost frightened out of his wits Did you see Banks or Smug?

Host No, they are gone to Waltham, sure I would

44 mareterraneum skinker] 'skinker' = 'tapster', the adjective 'mareterraneum' perhaps conveys the idea that he drew oceans of drink 58 conjure] work spells

fain hence, come, let's to my house I'll ne'er serve
the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst
I breathe If the devil be amongst us, 'tis time to
hoist sail, and cry Roomer! Keep together, sexton,
thou art secret What! let's be comfortable one to
another 81

Sir John We are all mortal, mine host

Host True, and I'll serve God in the night here-
after afore the Duke of Norfolk [Exeunt

Act V Scene I

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham,
trussing their points as new up*

Sir Ralph Good morrow, gentle knight
A happy day after your short night's rest!

Sir Ar Ha, ha, Sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?
By'r Lady, sir, rest would have done right well,
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us

Sir Ralph Sir Arthur, care go with those
days,

Let 'em even go together, let 'em go!
'Tis time, i' faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents, 10
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty
Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not do, it shall not,
No, Mounchensey, thou'st hear on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt i' faith!

I'll hang thy son, if there be law in England
A man's child ravish'd from a nunnery!
This is rare!

Well, well, there's one gone for Friar Hildersham

79 cry Roomer] as in a ship about to tack before the
wind Heading trussing their points] tying their laces
(which often served where we use buttons) 13 thou'st]
thou shalt

Sir Ar Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus, it will but hurt your health You cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end? But hark you, Sir Ralph, I was about to say something—it makes no matter But hark you in your ear the Friar's a knave, but God forgive me, a man cannot tell, neither, 'sfoot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say

Sir Ralph There's one went for the Friar an hour ago Comes he not yet? 'Sfoot, if I do find knavery under's cowl, I'll tickle him, I'll firk him Here, here, he's here, he's here Good morrow, Friar, good morrow, gentle Friar 30

Enter Hildersham

Sir Ar Good morrow, Father Hildersham, good morrow

Hil Good morrow, reverend knights, unto you both

Sir Ar Father, how now? you hear how matters go, I am undone, my child is cast away You did your best, at least I think the best, But we are all cross'd, flatly, all is dash'd

Hil Alas, good knights! how might the matter be? Let me understand your grief, for charity

Sir Ar Who does not understand my griefs? Alas, alas!

And yet ye do not! Will the Church permit 40
A nun in approbation of her habit
To be ravished?

Hil A holy woman, benedicite!
Now God forbend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house

Sir Ar Jesus deliver me!

Sir Ralph Why, Millicent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken the last night

Hil Was that fair maiden late become a nun? 49

36 cross'd] thwarted.

Sir Ralph Was she, quotha? Knavery, knavery, knavery, I smell it, I smell it, i' faith, is the wind in that door? is it even so? dost thou ask me that now?

Hil It is the first time that I e'er heard of it

Sir Ar That's very strange

Sir Ralph Why, tell me, Friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man, do not play the hypocrite with me, nor bear with me I cannot dissemble Did I aught but by thy own consent, by thy allowance, nay, further, by thy warrant?

Hil Why, reverend Knight— 60

Sir Ralph Unreverend Friar—

Hil Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had sent for me to some other end

Sir Ar Nay, stay, good Friar, if anything hath happ'd

About this matter in thy love to us,
That thy strict order cannot justify,
Admit it be so, we will cover it
Take no care, man

Disclaim not yet thy counsel and advice,
The wisest man that is may be o'erreach'd 70

Hil Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith,
I know not what you mean

Sir Ralph By your order and your faith?
This is most strange of all Why, tell me, Friar,
Are not you confessor to my son Frank?

Hil Yes, that I am

Sir Ralph And did not this good knight here and myself

Confess with you, being his ghostly Father,
To deal with him about th'unbanded marriage
Betwixt him and that fair young Millicent? 80

Hil I never heard of any match intended

Sir Ar Did not we break our minds that very time,
That our device of making her a nun
Was but a colour and a very plot

84 colour] pretence

To put by young Mounchensey? Is't not true?

Hil The more I strive to know what you should mean,

The less I understand you

Sir Ralph Did not you tell us still how Peter Fabell At length would cross us, if we took not heed?

Hil I have heard of one that is a great magician, But he's about the university 91

Sir Ralph Did not you send your novice Benedick To persuade the girl to leave Mounchensey's love, To cross that Peter Fabell in his art, And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hil I never sent my novice from the house, Nor have we made our visitation yet

Sir Ar Never sent him? Nay, did he not go? And did not I direct him to the house, And confer with him by the way? and did he not 100 Tell me what charge he had received from you, Word by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hil That you shall know, he came along with me, And stays without Come hither, Benedick!

Enter Benedick

Young Benedick, were you e'er sent by me To Cheston Nunnery for a visitor?

Ben Never, sir, truly

Sir Ralph Stranger than all the rest!

Sir Ar Did not I direct you to the house? Confer with you

From Waltham Abbey unto Cheston wall?

Ben I never saw you, sir, before this hour! 110

Sir Ralph The devil thou didst not! Ho, chamberlain!

Cham Anon, anon

Enter Chamberlain

Sir Ralph Call mine host Blague hither!

85 put by] divert

88 tell us still] keep telling us

Cham I will send one over to see if he be up, I think he be scarce stirring yet

Sir Ralph Why, knave, didst thou not tell me an hour ago mine host was up?

Cham Ay, sir, my master's up

Sir Ralph You knave, is a up, and is a not up? Dost thou mock me? 120

Cham Ay, sir, my master is up, but I think Master Blague indeed be not stirring

Sir Ralph Why, who's thy master? is not the master of the house thy master?

Cham Yes, sir, but Master Blague dwells over the way

Sir Ar Is not this the George? Before God, there's some villainy in this

Cham 'Sfoot, our sign's remov'd, this is strange!

[*Exeunt*]

Scene II

Enter Blague, trussing his points.

Host Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings, bid Neill look well to the bak'd meats!

Enter Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph.

How now, my old jennets balk my house, my castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?

Sir Ar Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham, but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a doubtful question look upon your sign! 9

Host Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers I'll tickle his catastrophe for this, if I do not indict him at next assizes for burglary, let me die of

119 a] he 3 balk] shy at 8 fee-simple]
property 10 overthwart] across the way 12
catastrophe] end (as above, 11 1 8)

the yellows, for I see 'tis no boot in these days to serve the good Duke of Norfolk The villainous world is turn'd manger one jade deceives another, and your ostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share Have we comedies in hand, you whoreson, villainous male London lecher?

Sir Ar Mine host, we have had the moiling'st night of it that ever we had in our lives 21

Host Is't certain?

Sir Ralph We have been in the forest all night almost

Host 'Sfoot, how did I miss you? Heart, I was a-stealing a buck there

Sir Ar A plague on you, we were stayed for you

Host Were you, my noble Romans? Why, you shall share, the venison is a-footing *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*, that is, there's a good breakfast provided for a marriage that's in my house this morning 32

Sir Ar A marriage, mine host?

Host A conjunction copulative, a gallant match between your daughter and master Raymond Mounchensey, young Juventus

Sir Ar How?

Host 'Tis firm, 'tis done We'll show you a precedent i' th' civil law for't

Sir Ralph How? married? 40

Host Leave tricks and admiration There's a cleanly pair of sheets in the bed in Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there What? I'll do it, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk

14 yellows] jaundice 20 moiling'st] most troublesome 29 a-footing] coming 29-30 *Sine Venus*] Love grows cold lacking food and drink 36 young Juventus] alluding to an old moral interlude of *Lusty Juventus*, by R. Wever, plagiarized about this time in Anthony Munday's *Sir Thomas More* 41 admiration] astonishment

Sir Ar Thou shalt repent this, Blague

Sir Ralph If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity 47

Host I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly I'll barricado my gates against you Stand fair, bully, Priest, come off from the rearward! What can you say now? 'Twas done in my house, I have shelter i' th' court for 't D'ye see yon bay window? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk Thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally

Enter Smug, Mouchensey, Harry Clare, and Millicent

Smug Fire, 'sblood, there's no fire in England like your Trinidad sack Is any man here humorous? We stole the venison, and we'll justify it say you now!

Host In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug 61

Smug I do not take any exceptions against your sack, but if you'll lend me a pike-staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand

Host I say thou shalt in to the cellar

Smug 'Sfoot, mine host, shall's not grapple? Pray, pray you, I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg Shall's not serve the Duke of Norfolk? [Exit] 70

Host In, skipper, in!

Sir Ar Surrah, hath young Mouchensey married your sister?

Harry 'Tis certain, sir, here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cried Amen

Ray Sir Arthur Clare, my new created father, I beseech you, hear me

Sir Ar Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you have done

that you cannot answer, I dare be bold to seize her from you, for she's a profess'd nun 80

Mil With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone,
This true love knot cancels both maid and nun
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart!
To Cheston with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find better means
To steal me thence In brief, disguis'd he came,
Like novice to old Father Hildersham
His tutor here did act that cunning part, 90
And in our love hath join'd much wit to art

Sir Ar Is't even so?

Mil With pardon therefore we entreat your smiles,
Love, thwarted, turns itself to thousand wiles

Sir Ar Young Master Jerningham, were you an actor

In your own love's abuse?

Frank My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse my friend

Host He speaks like a bachelor of music, all in numbers Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my sign-post, I would have spread my door with old coverlids 103

Sir Ar Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, Master Peter Fabell, and Smug, Lord bless us! could never stand upright since

Sir Ar You, sir, 'twas you was his minister that married them? 110

Sir John Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being

79 answer] answer for, 1 e justify 104 for this] so so that the runaway couple might spend the night at the true George whilst the knights slept across the road

that I was last night in the forest stealing venison—now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if that matter should be call'd in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman

Sir Ar I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for't

Sir John If you do, I am as resolute as my neighbour vicar of Waltham Abbey, ahem, grass and hay! we are all mortal, let's live till we be hang'd, mine host, and be merry, and there's an end 121

Enter Fabell

Fab Now, knights, I enter, now my part begins
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mouchensey, you, Sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham, to cross which match,
I us'd some pretty sleights, but I protest
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art,
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells 130
As tie the soul to their performancy
These for his love, who once was my dear pupil,
Have I effected Now, methinks, 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match, since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt,
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent
Smile, then, upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love 140

Sir Ar Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart,
Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part

Host Why, St George, send for Spindle's noise
presently ha, ere 't be night, I'll serve the good Duke
of Norfolk

Sir John Grass and hay! mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end

Sir Ar What, is breakfast ready, mine host?

Host 'Tis, my little Hebrew 150

Sir Ar Sirrah, ride straight to Cheston Nunnery, Fetch thence my lady, the house, I know, By this time misses their young votary Come, knights, let's in!

Bil I will go to horse presently, sir —A plague a my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast Smug, how chance you cut so plaguily behind, Smug?

Smug Stand away, I'll founder you else

Bil Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element

Smug I will be by and by, I will be Saint George again 161

Sir Ar Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself

Sir Ralph Did we not last night find two St Georges here?

Fab Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them

Sir Ar Then thus conclude your night of merriment! [*Exeunt omnes*]

FINIS

155 a] of, on 157 cut] strike 158 founder] lame
160-1 I will be Saint George again] Tucker Brooke points out that this refers to an incident not found in the play but recounted in a prose tract of the same name by Antony Brewer, where Smug climbs upon the sign of the White Horse Inn, thus converting it to that of the George (St George mounted on his charger) and baffling his pursuers. There are other allusions to this episode in lines 162-3 and perhaps in lines 106-8 and 156-7